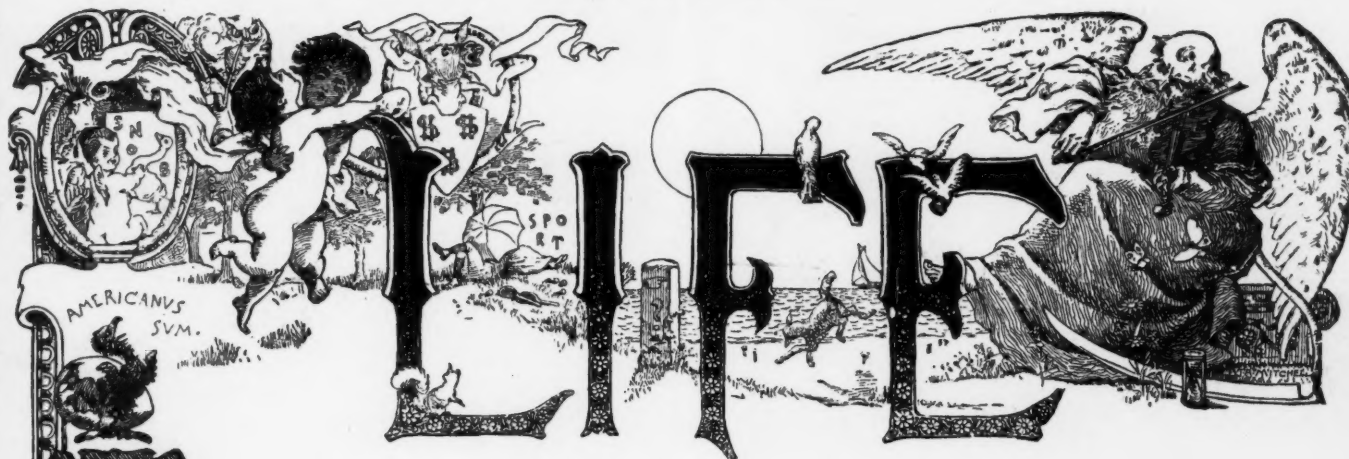


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"I CAN. I'LL BE A MOTHER TO YOU, AS I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUR FATHER."

· LIFE ·

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VOLUME XXI.

# ·LIFE·

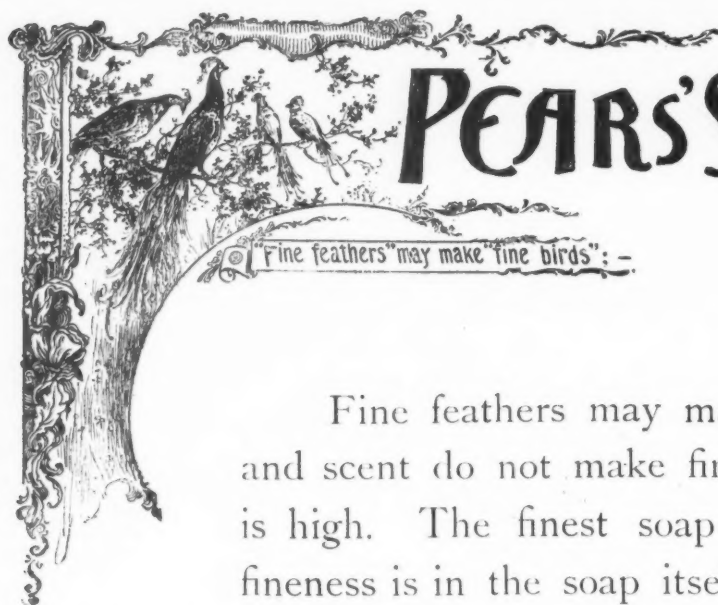
NUMBER 523.



"I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE SHOULD, BUT HE WANTS TO MARRY ME."

"HE TOLD ME HE ADMIRERD YOU FOR THE WAY YOU EXTRACTED A PROPOSAL FROM HIM."





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20  
INTERNATIONAL  
AWARDS.

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*Good morning*  
Have you used  
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BO  
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12mo,  
Gre  
By va  
Large  
\$4.  
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By T  
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Squar  
\$1.  
Poe  
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Squar  
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### HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1893.

**Two New Novels** begin in the January Number: "The Refugees," a great American Historical Romance, by A. CONAN DOYLE, and "Horace Chase," an American Story, by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Among the other attractions for the year will be:

New articles on the **South and West**, by JULIAN RALPH.

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### HARPER'S BAZAR for 1893.

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**Fashion.** The Bazar's facilities are unsurpassed. It anticipates changes in the mode. In New York Fashions it gives important details about fabrics, tints and textures.

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**Special Features.** "At the Toilet," by CHRISTINE TERHUNT HERRICK. "Color Effects in the Garden," by CANDACE WHEELER. OLIVE THORNE MILLER will write of domestic pets. The work of women in the Columbian Exposition will be constantly and fully reported.

### HARPER'S WEEKLY for 1893.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for the coming year will present more attractive features than any other periodical of this country.

**The Columbian Exposition** will be illustrated by an artist whose studio will be in Chicago as long as the Fair lasts and its features will be described by special correspondents in that city.

**Army and Navy.** HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to be what may be called the official pictorial organ of the two services.

**Public Events,** disasters by fire and flood, and all incidents of public concern will be brought out as promptly as they become of interest.

**The Political Events** of the year and the statesmen who appear prominently in them will be pictured with pen and pencil.

**Portraits,** for which the WEEKLY is justly celebrated, with biographical sketches, will be given of men and women of note.

**Amateur Sport.** This popular Department will continue under the editorship of CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

**The Short Stories,** which are a marked feature of the WEEKLY, are by such writers as RUDYARD KIPLING, A. CONAN DOYLE, W. CLARK RUSSELL, WALTER BESANT, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, OLIVE SCHREINER, JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, and JULIAN RALPH.

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NUMBER.

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FEB 15 1894  
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LIFE.

JANUARY,  
1893.

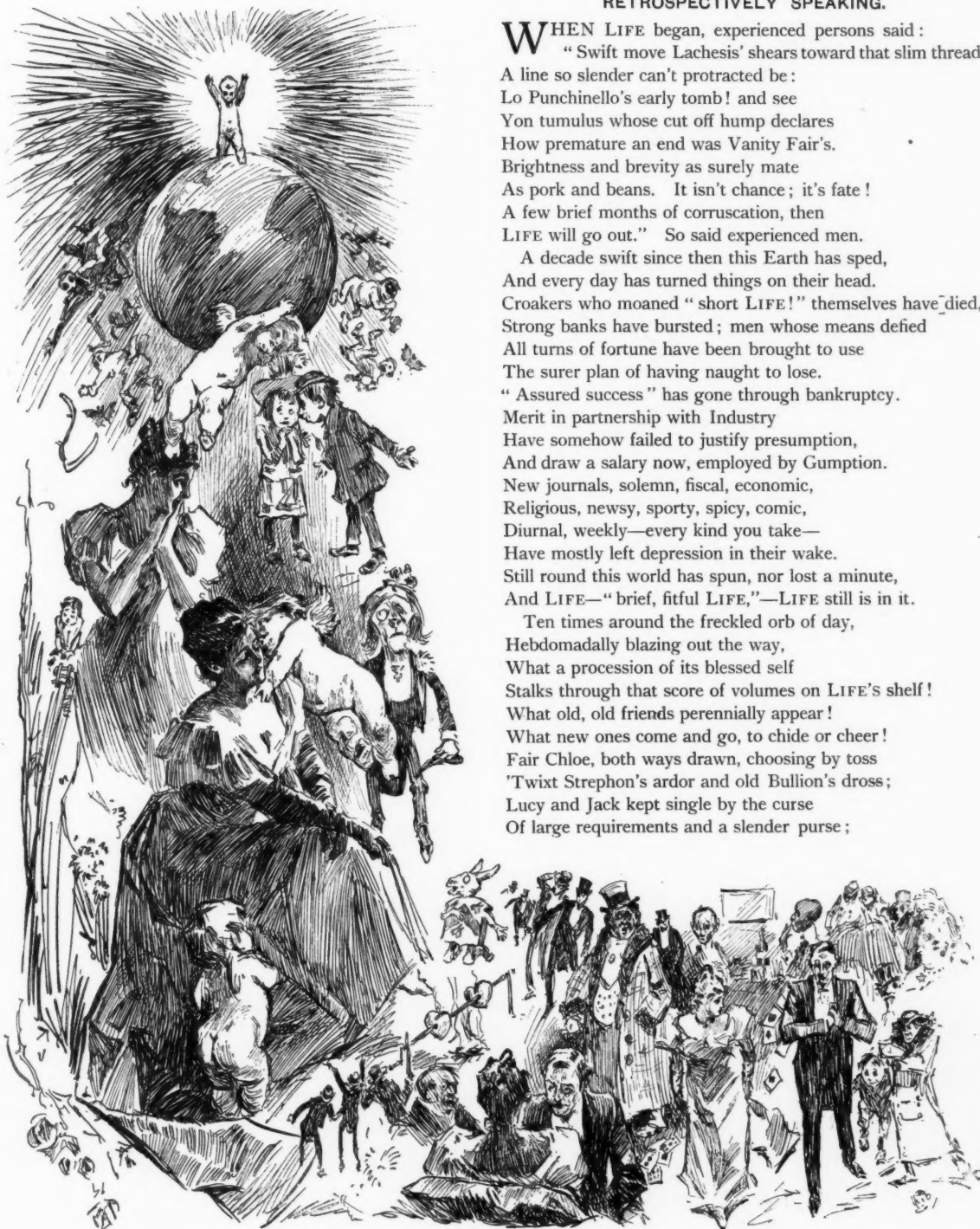
RETROSPECTIVELY SPEAKING.

WHEN LIFE began, experienced persons said:

"Swift move Lachesis' shears toward that slim thread  
A line so slender can't protracted be:  
Lo Punchinello's early tomb! and see  
Yon tumulus whose cut off hump declares  
How premature an end was Vanity Fair's.  
Brightness and brevity as surely mate  
As pork and beans. It isn't chance; it's fate!  
A few brief months of corruscation, then  
LIFE will go out." So said experienced men.

A decade swift since then this Earth has sped,  
And every day has turned things on their head.  
Croakers who moaned "short LIFE!" themselves have died,  
Strong banks have bursted; men whose means defied  
All turns of fortune have been brought to use  
The surer plan of having naught to lose.  
"Assured success" has gone through bankruptcy.  
Merit in partnership with Industry  
Have somehow failed to justify presumption,  
And draw a salary now, employed by Gumption.  
New journals, solemn, fiscal, economic,  
Religious, newsy, sporty, spicy, comic,  
Diurnal, weekly—every kind you take—  
Have mostly left depression in their wake.  
Still round this world has spun, nor lost a minute,  
And LIFE—"brief, fitful LIFE,"—LIFE still is in it.

Ten times around the freckled orb of day,  
Hebdomadally blazing out the way,  
What a procession of its blessed self  
Stalks through that score of volumes on LIFE's shelf!  
What old, old friends perennially appear!  
What new ones come and go, to chide or cheer!  
Fair Chloe, both ways drawn, choosing by toss  
'Twixt Strephon's ardor and old Bullion's dross;  
Lucy and Jack kept single by the curse  
Of large requirements and a slender purse;





The joys ornate in which the rich compete ;  
 The simple pastimes of a Thompson street ;  
 Shanty-bred Romeo's high-flown speeches poured  
 Into the infant ears of his adored ;  
 Cesnola's fragments joined with too much skill ;  
 The summer-girl, by ennui driven to kill  
 Too sluggish hours by stirring with her fan  
 The smouldering passion of the casual man ;  
 The Sabbatarian, aye obtusely prone  
 To estimate the Lord's day as his own ;  
 The anxious tests the newly married make  
 To learn what course two lives when lumped must take  
 In all his uses in recurring course  
 That dearest quadruped to man, the horse ;  
 Dudes, chappies, flunkies, bishops, statesmen, sports ;  
 Brusque millionaires ; professors of all sorts ;  
 Managing matrons, doctors, perfect dears ;  
 Prudes, politicians, fortune-hunting peers ;  
 Prigs, flirts, small boys chock full of devilment ;  
 Wrong-headed folks who err with good intent ;  
 Policemen, parsons, all the recurring train  
 That cross the boards of time, and come again,  
 While down in front in strongest light confer  
 The score-score stars of the McAllister.

Dear hundred thousand friends to whom LIFE owes  
 The vital force by which it lives and grows,  
 Your prompt support its infant steps that propped  
 And never since has wavered, much less stopped,  
 Is still its best possession—its very self,  
 Since when that ceases LIFE goes on the shelf.  
 For any good LIFE has availed to do,  
 The lion's share of praise belongs to you.  
 'Twas you that opened Gotham's Museum's door  
 And helped make Sunday useful to the poor ;  
 'Twas you, last summer, and your fostering care,  
 That gave, through LIFE, four thousand babes fresh air.  
 Your laugh has turned purse-proud Assumption pale,  
 Your scornful eyes have seen Imposture quail,



And driven the bigot skulking from his niche,  
And checked the follies of the idle rich.

LIFE, truly, fits the shafts to proper strings

But 'tis your hands that give the missiles wings.

Be still the sun that brings LIFE's buds to bloom!

Forgive its faults; its failings still assume

To be such griefs as come to every man

When what he would falls short of what he can:

Still speed its darts at Folly as she flies;

Still laugh down ostentation, meanness, lies;

Still share its mirth; still help its humor's point

To jab the times where'er they're out of joint.

Whate'er befalls this world of greed and strife,

While LIFE has you, be sure you shall have LIFE.

Let's keep on trying, without undue fuss,

To make the world less gloomy, having us.

*E. S. M.*

#### CONGRATULATORY.

DEAR LIFE: My congratulations. I used to think I was the most pure-minded person on earth, but your frank and honest expressions concerning some things I have done convinced me I was only a prude and a hypocrite. May you live long and prosper. Yours,

A. COMESTALK.

\* \* \*

DEAR LIFE: My compliments and good wishes. I have reached the point where I am sorry about that collection of casts I patched up, and am glad you called public attention to it.

Yours truly,

LUIGI DI PESNOLER.



NATURALLY

M. E. W.

EVER since the first year of LIFE'S existence the above initials have been familiar to its readers. They have been appended to some of the daintiest bits of verse that have graced our pages.

M. E. W. is a retiring person, and desires to be known through her work rather than her personality. At our earnest solicitation, however, and in view of the joyful event we celebrate, she has permitted us to publish her likeness.

But for one thing, our readers would have been quite sure before this that M. E. W. was a woman. Her verses have the delicacy of touch, the refinement of sentiment, and the gentleness of thought that show not only the woman, but the woman well-bred and of far more than superficial attainments. M. E. W., however, is distinctly, though delicately, humorous. This is a rare qualification in a member of the sex which, when it drops into poetry is more apt to deal with sighs and heartbreaks than with smiles and happiness. Contrary to all the other internal evidence in her work, it might have led to the belief that Miss W—there, we came very near betraying her name—was a man. LIFE'S readers have been the gainers by this unusual combination of daintiness and humor, and doubtless join with us in the harsh criticism that we see too little of her work.



## CONGRATULATORY.

DEAR LIFE: You know us so well that we are sure you will be glad to hear from us again, and especially on this auspicious occasion. We send you the enclosed Ode for which you need *not* remit at the customary rate paid for bad poetry.

Now upon this day so cheery,  
We don't mean to make you weary  
With our customary mournful tale of woe;  
But we want to join the ranks  
Of those now giving thanks,  
That LIFE through a decade has prospered so.

From the depths of the waste-basket,  
Which has proved the final casket  
Of reams of verse that should have brought us fame,  
We hear a mighty chorus  
Of bad poets gone before us,  
Who sought to print their verses tame and lame.

But no matter how they rave  
In their literary grave,  
There comes a gracious whisper from the strife;  
By their utmost, best endeavor,  
They can never, never, never,  
Find any way again to come to LIFE.

Wishing you every success, we remain,  
Faithfully and constantly yours,  
THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF BAD POETS.

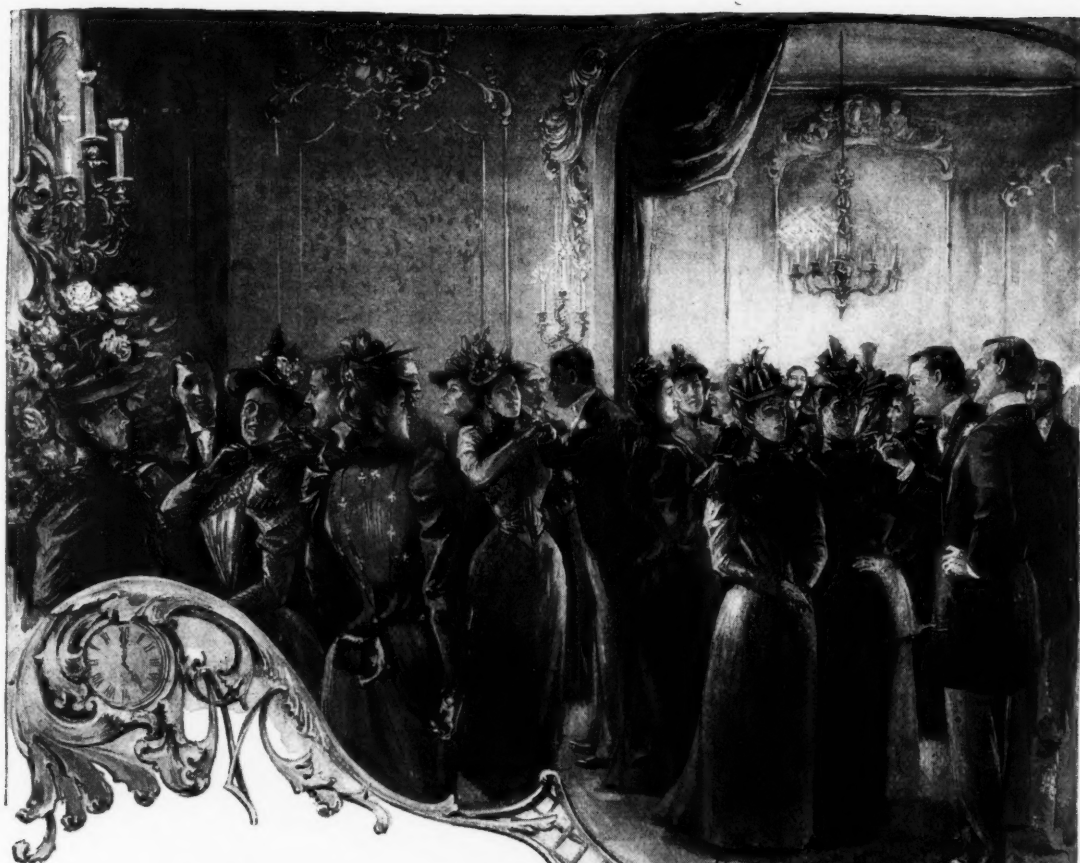
\* \* \*

THE DUDE CLUB, Dec. 10.

DEAH BOY: Many happy weturns! We don't weally enjoy the way you wap at us and ou-ah clothes, but all the same we wish you gweat pwospewity.

Youahs twuly,  
CHOLLIE AND CHAPPIE.





5 P. M.

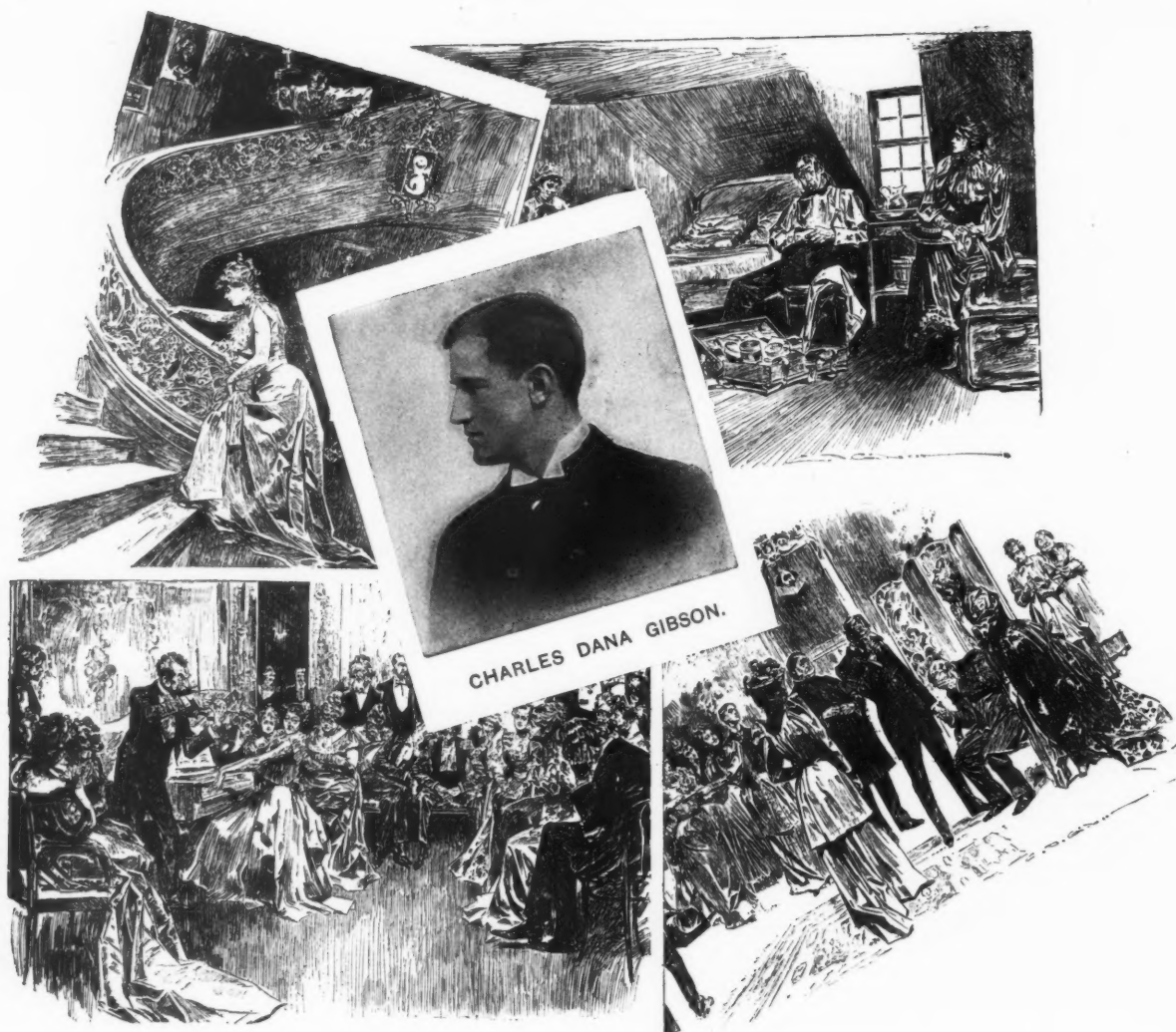
THERE'S a rumble of coaches outside, and a stir  
Of damsels half-smothered in velvet and fur;  
All blooming and dimpled, some gentle, some proud,  
A light-hearted, happy, *insouciant* crowd;  
Who flock up the stairs, now by two, now by three,  
To join in the revel of afternoon tea.

Thro' the mellowing dusk of the candle-lit room,  
A faint scent drifts out as of roses in bloom,  
A clinking of china, a snatch of a song  
Caught up by a fiddle and floated along;  
A current of chatter for Fashion's decree  
Keeps tongues on the wag at an afternoon tea.

With jesting and laughter they come and they go,  
A flippant procession of Beauty and Beau;  
Their jests and their gossip enliven the air  
So empty of earnest, so heedless of care,  
That all the gay spirits amongst them agree  
The more make the merrier afternoon tea.

But I am far wiser than they, for I feel  
That a cosy wood fire stirred up to reveal  
Two chairs and a table drawn into the glow,  
And Polly to pour out the fragrant Pekoe.  
The pink cup for her, and the white one for me,  
Is the only real way to take afternoon tea! M. E. W.





## CONGRATULATORY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 1, (O. S.)

*To Our Most Illustrious Cousin.*

GREETING: It pleases me to extend to you my most gracious salutations on the joyful event you are about to celebrate. You have reflected severely upon my policy of governing my people, and in evidence of my appreciation of the error of my ways, and in commemoration of your birthday, I have ordered the release of 10,000 Siberian exiles, and have ordered the execution of twenty-five Imperial Tax-Collectors. If you will only let up on me I give you my imperial promise that I will release all the Siberian exiles and give my people a constitution.

ALEXANDER ALEXANDROVICH.

TO LIFE, New York.

TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE  
NATIONAL VIVISECTION SOCIETY,

Dec. 10, 1892.

DEAR LIFE: We tortured six dogs and four rabbits to death last night to show that we don't care whether you have a birthday or not.

Yours truly,

THE NERVE YANKERS.

\* \* \*

By the editors of *Puck*, *Punch*, *Judge*, *Judy*, *Fun*, *Fliegende Blätter*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *Le Journal Amusant* and *La Caricature* in congress assembled, it is hereby Resolved, That we take off our hats to LIFE.



LIFE'S TARGET PRACTICE.





THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON.



FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD.

## CONGRATULATORY.

MARLBOROUGH CLUB, LONDON, Dec. 5.

DEAR LIFE: Ma wants me to write and congratulate you on your birthday, in which good wishes I heartily join her. I'm sorry you couldn't get me elected Vice-President of the United States. We had a big game last night and I feel a bit rocky this morning, so no more from

Yours truly, ALBERT EDWARD WETTIN.

DEAR, GOOD, KIND LIFE: We wish we could do something to make your birthday give you as much happiness as you have given us by sending us to the country in the hot weather. But we are only poor children and we haven't anything to give you but our good wishes and our gratitude. We hope you will have many, many birthdays.

May they all be prosperous ones, and may you always have as much happiness as your Fresh Air Fund has given

THOUSANDS OF POOR CHILDREN.

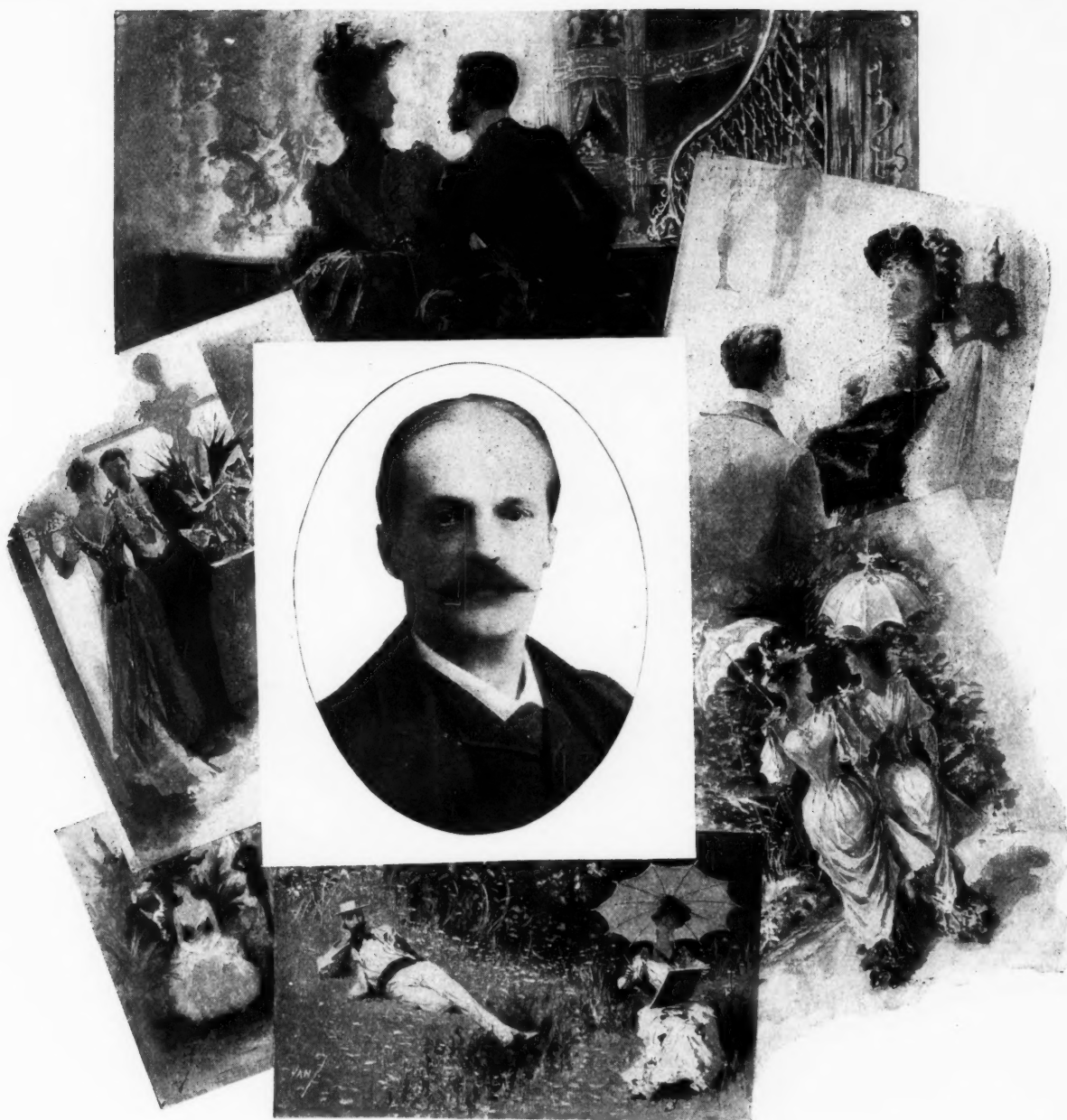
\* \* \*

AT a meeting of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, held last Saturday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*, We are informed that LIFE is about to celebrate its tenth birthday, and

*Whereas*, LIFE was kind enough to point out to us what an excellent thing it would be if we would open the museum, which we hold in trust for the people at large, on Sundays, so that its collection might do good to the poor as well as the rich; now be it

*Resolved*, That we extend to LIFE our heartiest congratulations, and thank it sincerely for the good it has shown us it was our duty to do.



S. W. VAN SCHAICK.

ENOUGH BELOW.

**T**HEOLO: I wonder how it is there are so many Unitarian churches in Brooklyn.

**DIABLO:** Do you think you could get a Brooklyn man to believe in a punishment hereafter?

**T**HE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE TO THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY: Say when!

**THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY TO THE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE:** Sir, in the bright lexicon of Kentucky there's no such word as "when"!



WILSON DE MEZA.

## CONGRATULATORY.

MY DEAR LIFE: I am glad to learn of the present evidence of your prosperity. We both seem to be on the top wave, and I wish I was as sure as you of making friends instead of enemies during the next four years. However, I do not think you are any more afraid of making enemies than I am, when for the public good it is necessary to do so. Your treatment of the pension question and the Grand Army, of Tammany Hall and its heelers, of the silver question and the silver barons, of Civil Service Reform and the office seekers, all go to show that you are solid on the questions of the hour.

In recognition of the present joyful occasion and of your sturdy and fearless Americanism, I hereby offer the position

of Secretary of State in my Cabinet to LIFE, and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for its reply.

With all good wishes, dear LIFE, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

GROVER.

DEAR LIFE: We had a meeting at the stable last night and appointed a committee of three to wish you joy on your birthday.

You may be glad to know that because you wrote about us we are now each getting three oats a day, instead of only one as formerly.

Yours faithfully,

RIBSIE, ROCKSIE AND BONESIE,  
of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line.



# HOW LIFE BEGAN



TEN years ago an unsuspecting studio at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-seventh street was occupied by the author of this history. It might be well to introduce myself as The Fool, or the Deluded Jackass, not so much to avoid analysis of character as to convey a clear idea of my position in the eyes of intelligent friends during the struggle herein related.

It was an afternoon in the May of 1882, while at work on a drawing for "Our Continent," that a disturbing idea came in and took possession of the studio and myself. There came at first the realization that making sketches of life and character was far more interesting than painting pictures; that they contained more spirit and human interest; that moreover there were thousands to see and enjoy such drawings to the few who cared to look at a painting when once upon a wall. Then, with the regret that no medium existed by which to reach the public, save one page in the back part of a dying magazine, came the seductive thought,

"Why not do it myself?"

It was one of those ideas that once in possession lays hold for victory.

The very next morning I sought my friend H., the publisher, and unfolded the scheme. H. smiled upon it. Moreover he knew just the man to make it a success. That man was M., the clever author. A meeting was soon arranged when we lunched at the clever author's house, and a delightful afternoon it was. The clever author was brimming over with ideas. He outlined with skill and decision the make-up and policy of such a paper, and, although many of his theories were very different from my own, he filled me with a great respect, for H——'s judgment in selecting so capable a man. The paper, to me, seemed already in existence. But the end was cruel. He regretted that other work prevented his taking any active part himself in the enterprise.

It was evident he preferred being outside the project to being in it. That this should have a cooling effect upon H. was only natural, as he had already expressed the opinion that the clever author was the only man in New York capable of conducting such a paper successfully.

Other men were suggested, but with no results. Various signs at this time seemed to indicate with some clearness that the wind was in the wrong direction; and H., who was not a Deluded Jackass, began to lose the keen edge of his desire.

The Summer went by and the Autumn came, but it brought no progress, nor signs of any. H. had other matters demanding his attention, and the new paper was not among them. He finally told me I must count him out.

There was cold promise in a periodical without a publisher, particularly as my ignorance of the business was of that depth and profundity where language fails to give a just conception. But there was no time to waste in caution, and I resolved to go ahead by myself. If the first number came out within a year, it should appear at least by January, and now October had nearly gone. A clever young friend whose talents lay in this direction I asked to join me. After a short conversation he was the more enthusiastic of the two. He had moreover the precious advantage of possessing a father and a brother-in-law who were authorities in these things, and he would get points from them.

When the eager friend appeared the next morning he had gathered his points; he had learned from those who knew the business that the chances of success for such a paper, even under the most favorable conditions, were microscopic, and that—in short, he was not in a condition to go into it.

Being a recent arrival in New York, I could think of no one among my acquaintances with the proper qualifications, who was not too wise to start on such a voyage. But in Boston I was more at home, and my acquaintance was larger. So to Boston I went. A Helping Friend knew of a young lawyer already making a name for himself in literature, who would be just the man. The Helping Friend at once brought about an interview, and over a lengthy lunch the folly was unfurled. The intelligent Bostonian soon became interested. But as the conversation gradually made clear the fact that the would-be tempter knew nothing from any experience of his own of the business he was undertaking, and that the route he proposed to sail was bristling with the wrecks of similar efforts, the intelligent Bostonian remembered how difficult it would be to leave his legal practice, and regretted he could not partake of the promised glory.

In further consultation with the Helping Friend other men were mentioned, but even if obtainable, none had the requisite abilities. At last The Friend remembered one he had completely overlooked, also a recent graduate, and who possessed just the qualities demanded. This was Edward S. Martin. His prose and verse were already well known among a chosen few. There was in his work an unusual freshness and delicacy, and when necessary a humorous but telling satire, that

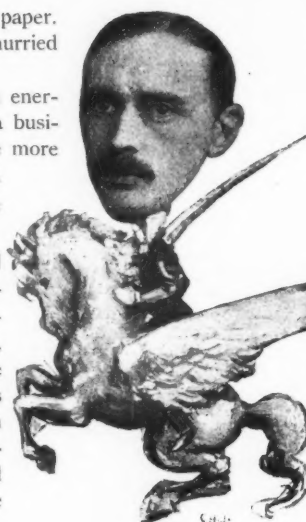
rendered him the very man for such a paper. A letter was dispatched to him, and I hurried back to New York.

While waiting for Martin's answer, an energetic but fruitless search was begun for a business manager. The more I searched the more obvious it became that business managers of desirable quality were not made to be had for the asking.

No time was wasted at this period, and spare hours were used in making drawings for the unborn sheet. It was important the cover should be drawn at once, but it seemed impossible to find a name for the paper as the most suitable words were already in use. It was a problem in which the dictionary was only a confusion. As for my own brain, it crawled away in a state of paralysis when the question confronted it. All the undesirable, clumsy and obviously inappropriate words of the English language clamored for recognition and obscured the field. But one afternoon, while roughly sketching all the shortest words that could possibly serve the purpose, *LIFE*, seemingly of its own accord, danced forth from the end of the pencil. It was so short, simple and magnificently comprehensive that I at once decided to use it, and without loss of time set to work upon a drawing for the cover. A day or two after, when this drawing was nearly completed, I dropped in at Brentano's to look over other periodicals and assure myself that my design bore not too close a likeness to some cover already in the field. Finding nothing that resembled it, I was beginning to congratulate myself on the fact that the title at least would be reasonably fresh, when to my surprise and horror, I saw upon the counter a complacent, prosperous looking English *Life*. From the number and volume it was evidently a publication of long standing. After a little reflection, however, it seemed safe to assume that as I had never seen or heard of it, its American circulation was diminutive. So after being assured that there was no infringement of copyright, the English *Life* was ignored, and I went on with my cover.

As the chances of securing an able, honest, and reasonably perfect business manager seemed to dwindle as the search continued, overtures were made to one or two publishers, but always with the same result. In fact the sarcastic smile with which success had so far held aloof seemed now to become a hearty laugh as the business end refused to develop.

Martin soon came, and his confidence in the undertaking was strong enough to induce him to remain. He at once began a gallant struggle to accumulate material. This was dispiriting work, as the men of reputation were, as a rule, unwilling to bury their work in such an experiment. The result was that he produced himself as much matter as he received from other hands. It was now November, with no indications of a business department, and the first issue was to ap-



E. S. M.

pear in January. By this time discouragement had come to be a portion of the daily life, and we took it in giant doses. The idea of starting such a paper had from the very outset excited among sensible friends only astonishment and pity. Thus far scarcely a cheering word or a prophecy of success had been heard, so when a friend offered one day to present me to the business manager of a prominent illustrated weekly I gladly accepted, saying to myself, "This man who knows the business can see the sense of the endeavor, and will give me information and encouragement."

There were threads of silver in the hair of the business manager, and there was decision in his voice. He listened politely to a description of the aims and hopes of the future paper, then, after a few intelligent questions, said: "As I understand, you mean to give the public a periodical about half the size of *Harper's Weekly*, *Puck* or *Judge*, and yet ask the same price for it. Now, to get that price, your smaller publication must be unquestionably better in quality, both artistic and literary. Have you secured the men whose work and reputation will assure you that position?"

"No. The artists are not to be had."

"And the literary men?"

"The same with them."

"That's bad enough. Is your own experience in journalism such as to warrant you in going ahead under such peculiar circumstances?"

"I have had no experience in journalism."

"None whatever?"

"None whatever."

The man of experience indulged in a smile, but a smile of sadness and pity.

"Would you mind telling me," he asked, "just to gratify my curiosity—on what you are building your hopes of success?"

"On the fact of there being an unoccupied field for it. If such papers can thrive in Europe, there must be a place for one in America."

"Previous efforts have demonstrated the reverse, and they have done it pretty clearly."

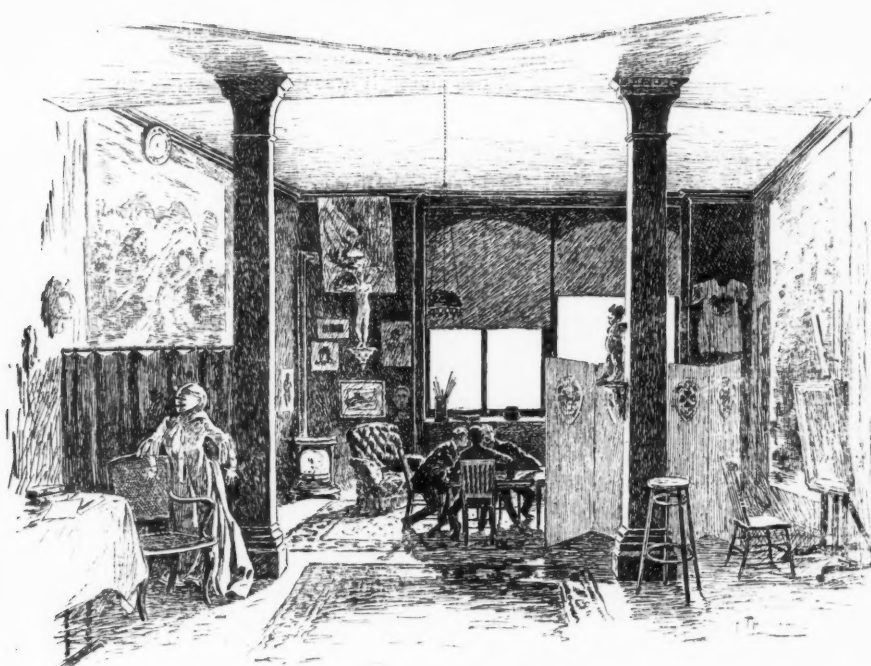
"But this paper will be a very different thing from any of its predecessors—of a higher grade and far more artistic."

"How can that be when the best men hold aloof?"

"That will occur only at the beginning. I think it will prove an opportunity for talent now unrecognized to come to the front."

Again the business manager smiled the sorrowing smile.

"All that you have said is pure theory, without a single solid fact on which it would be safe to risk a dollar. Take my advice and drop the whole business while you can. A



WHERE LIFE BEGAN.

year from now you will be amazed that you ever seriously thought of it."

When the writer stepped out upon the sidewalk after this interview, he said to himself:

"Probably the advice is good, but if I listen to reason I shall weaken."

So the next morning I hastened to De Vinne's to make arrangements for the printing. De Vinne had been selected because in an experiment of this hazardous nature, where the other features were so uncertain, the best of printing would be none too good. It was something of a disappointment to find that he would undertake no weekly publications of any kind.

At a second establishment my overtures were listened to politely, but after a thorough comprehension of the facts, the proprietor regretted his inability to cooperate. A visit to a third printer was equally unsuccessful. It was evident that printers shared with the rest of mankind a reluctance to identify themselves with this particular kind of folly.



Although number three refused to print the paper, it was here my eyes were gladdened by the only ray of hope in the shape of a cheering fact that illumined the swampy ground through which I was wading. This printer had printed *Vanity Fair*, and he said that its circulation was fourteen thousand copies at the time of its death. Now, I knew that with a circulation of ten thousand the future *LIFE* would yield a profit. To be sure, the field was now occupied by two highly colored and successful rivals, and *Vanity Fair* had no competition; but encouragement was such a rare fruit on this slippery jour-

ney that every particle of juice was extracted from the unlooked-for refreshment.

These three typographical defeats had used up the afternoon. But the next day some one told me of the Gilliss Brothers, in Fulton street, who did most artistic work, and I lost no time in going there. The crushing defeats of the previous afternoon had resulted in that state of mind familiar to the clown in the Christmas pantomime, from whom everything is jerked away as he is about to lay his hand upon it. My joy, therefore, was very great to find the Gilliss Brothers willing to print the paper. But their heads also were cool and not fired by misleading enthusiasm, for they insisted that the payment for each edition should be made in advance.

One afternoon, about this time, Martin came into the studio and said in his usual quiet tone:

"I have found him."

"Whom?"

"Our business manager. His name is Miller—Andrew Miller. I knew him at college."

"And you think he is equal to it?"

"Well, he is young."

"That's sensible. And he is not handicapped by any experience in the business?"

"We must remember that if he were he would be out of harmony with his partners."

But an interview with Mr. Miller convinced us both that we had finally discovered the man for the gap. Although the stigma of youth was on him, he knew something of the business from a previous connection with the *Daily Graphic*, and with one of the largest advertising agencies in the country. He joined *LIFE* at once, and his activity, together with his knowledge of the requirements of his own business, gave impetus and reality to that neglected but vital department. This enabled the two editors to put more energy and time into their own work.

Unfortunately there were not six artists in the country known to fame at that period whose services were of value. The few who were asked to contribute had their reasons for not doing so. It was necessary that drawings, representing scenes in high life should be of a style and quality unlike anything then published this side of the Atlantic. There were artists producing the best of work, but those drawings, however excellent as serious pictures, were unfit for the new demand. For *LIFE*'s uses such drawings, while being as true to nature and as clever artistically, must show a light-



ness of touch, an ease, brilliancy and force of expression which are not demanded in other work. Moreover, a sense of humor, a playfulness and a gentle exaggeration are also indispensable to the perfect work. The best drawings that illumine the pages of a magazine, however conscientious and true to nature, would seem literal and matter-of-fact if inserted in the pages of LIFE. There are few artists who can create a Lady Vere de Vere by putting better clothes upon the usual studio model.

As the last days of December approached, the material for the first number of LIFE was put into the printers' hands. With what anxiety and impatience we waited for those first page proofs! And when completed copies of the paper were finally issued, although alternating thrills of pride and shame swept up and down the editorial spines, there was a distinct feeling of relief. Whatever disasters might be lying in wait for us, the first great step was taken. The paper was a reality. We at last had reached the field of battle. And there was one who was exceeding glad to see LIFE in existence. Although it was probably nobody's ideal of what such a paper ought to be, the interesting fact should be remembered that few professionals were willing to draw or to write for it.

It looked at one time as if the drawings, if there were any, would all be made by myself. Had it not been for Attwood, Kendrick and McVickar there would have been few illustrations in those early numbers.

The first number bore the date of January 4, 1883. The others followed with confusing rapidity. Friday, the day we went to press, seemed to come around about three times a week. The first number, probably from its novelty, sold reasonably well. The second issue showed a falling off. When the returned copies came back they showed that not a quarter of the edition had been sold. Of the third issue, nearly all returned upon our hands. And when the returns of the fourth and fifth came in, the three anxious men who counted them made the bloodcurdling discovery that the unsold copies outnumbered the edition printed! Six thousand had been issued, and there were six thousand two hundred returns. It seemed for a moment that miracles were being resorted to that LIFE's defeat might be the quicker. A more careful examination, however, showed the extra copies were from previous editions.

Thus it went for many weeks, and all the time there ran a stream of money into the yawning mouth of the feeble but determined infant. During this period it was imperative that the editors would be chipper and amusing; and that the business manager should appear elated with success.

This would have been less difficult if the public had taken an interest in the paper, but the ease with which they got along without it was a sickening revelation. That they cared too little for LIFE to pay ten cents for it developed swiftly from a suspicion into a freezing fact.

Any hopes that LIFE would spring into existence a perfected thing had been shattered by a closer knowledge of its artistic resources; or rather by a realization of their ab-

sence. Our task, as editors, was not the selection and arrangement of clever material. Neither was it deciding as to the precise nature of a cartoon or the artistic relation of one drawing to its neighbor. It was the compulsory evolution, and with no delay, of a cartoon of some kind, and the forcing into existence of enough drawings to supply a relentless demand.

While Martin and I were having an uphill struggle in collecting material that refused to exist, Miller was, perhaps, accomplishing a yet greater miracle in securing advertisements for a paper with no circulation, and collecting a revenue from sales when no copies were sold.

There came a day in March when LIFE seemed on the



point of rubbing noses with Defeat. Outside was a driving storm. Inside, I was trying, by

hard work, to ignore the forebodings of disaster that for weeks had been roosting about the office. Before me lay a letter from a literary light answering a request to contribute. This he was unable to do, but he gave a bit of advice. "Better throw your money into the gutter than put it into such a paper."

Martin was away, and it was long after the hour when Miller usually turned up. But a boy soon entered bearing a note:

*Dear M.: I was out all yesterday afternoon in the rain and got a soaking. To-day have a heavy cold and the doctor says I must stay in bed. It is going badly down town. No sales to speak of. We must brace up.*

*Yours,*

A. MILLER.

Brace up! How? On what?

As I walked about the office to get up a livelier circulation and a more cheerful state of mind, the door opened and let in the emissary from the American News Co. He was tottering under what seemed about a ton of LIFES. As he dropped them, the floor shivered, and he straightened his back with a sigh of relief. Then I said jauntily, as if nobody cared:

"Good many returns this week."

The porter smiled a wicked smile, for he was an old man and was not deceived.

"Many? Why that ain't a quarter of what's down in the cart."

And when he came up for the fourth time and deposited his burden, it was hard to realize that so many copies of any periodical had ever been printed in the United States. If called upon to guess at the number, I should have said about a hundred million.

And it was my lot that evening at a dinner party to hear the gentleman opposite say to the lady beside him:

"Have you seen that new paper?"

"No."

"Well, you haven't lost much."

"What is it?"

LIFE is its name. Short LIFE would have expressed it better perhaps," and the conversation drifted into more interesting fields.

Those were the days when Fate, with a heavy club, seemed waiting for us behind convenient corners.

But LIFE had no intention of giving up the struggle.

During this period it was alarming to reflect upon the number of intelligent Americans who got along comfortably without purchasing our paper.

We also noticed, with regret, a want of ardor among many news-dealers in the city, who apparently saw no necessity for keeping it on sale. It was our custom, when we discovered a dealer who displayed no specimens of LIFE, to ask him for it. If he had never heard of the paper we expressed surprise at his ignorance of so popular a sheet. This treatment, when applied by ourselves, our friends, and by everybody in the office, often resulted in a permanent foothold at important points. We sometimes discovered, particularly in out of the way quarters, that the dealer had tried to sell it, but had given it up because nobody wanted to buy it.

Miller threw himself into his work with an energy and perseverance that had much to do with the final victory. Of the three conspirators, he was the only one, at that time, who possessed, from his own experience, any practical knowledge of the business, and this knowledge he brought

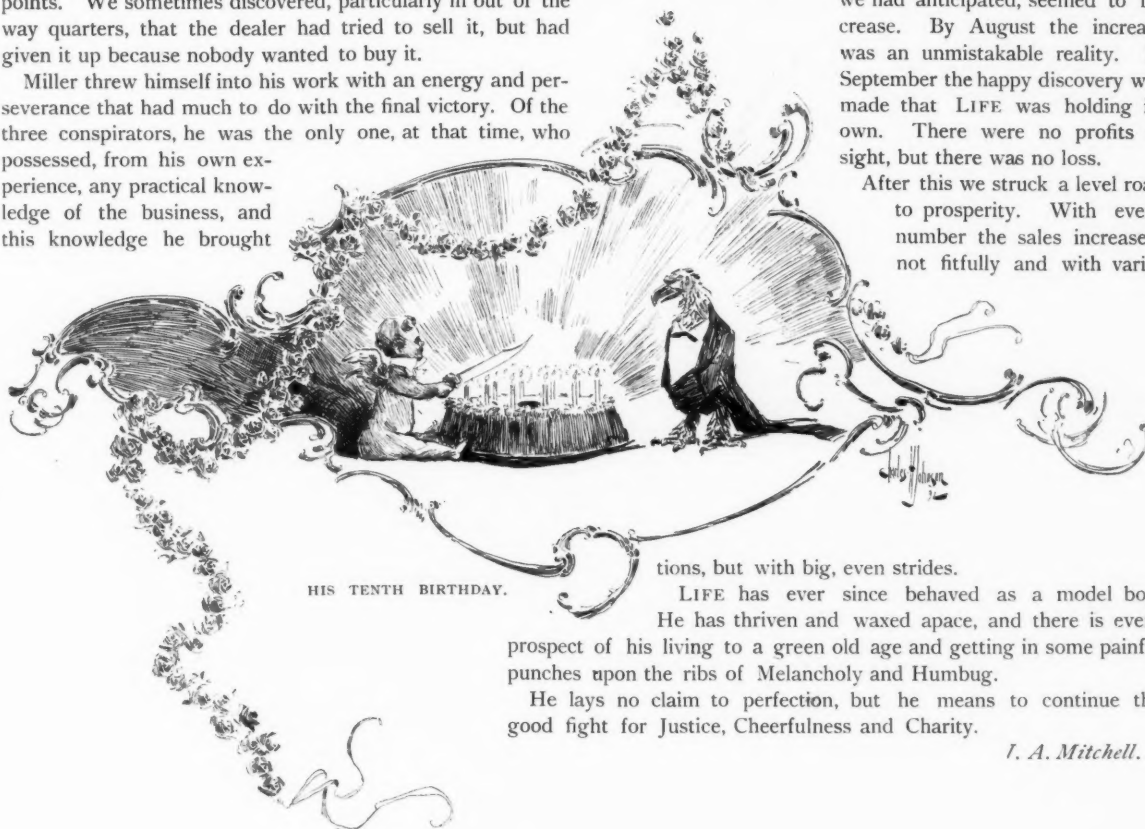


SAFE AT LAST.

to bear with such resolution and activity that the wavering advertiser yielded in spite of himself, and the cautious news-dealer ordered copies which otherwise would never have seen the light. The dollar that was due to LIFE came forth from his hiding place when he felt that Miller's eye was on him.

In May and June there came a microscopic gain. And this gain, instead of diminishing through the summer months, as we had anticipated, seemed to increase. By August the increase was an unmistakable reality. In September the happy discovery was made that LIFE was holding its own. There were no profits in sight, but there was no loss.

After this we struck a level road to prosperity. With every number the sales increased, not fitfully and with varia-



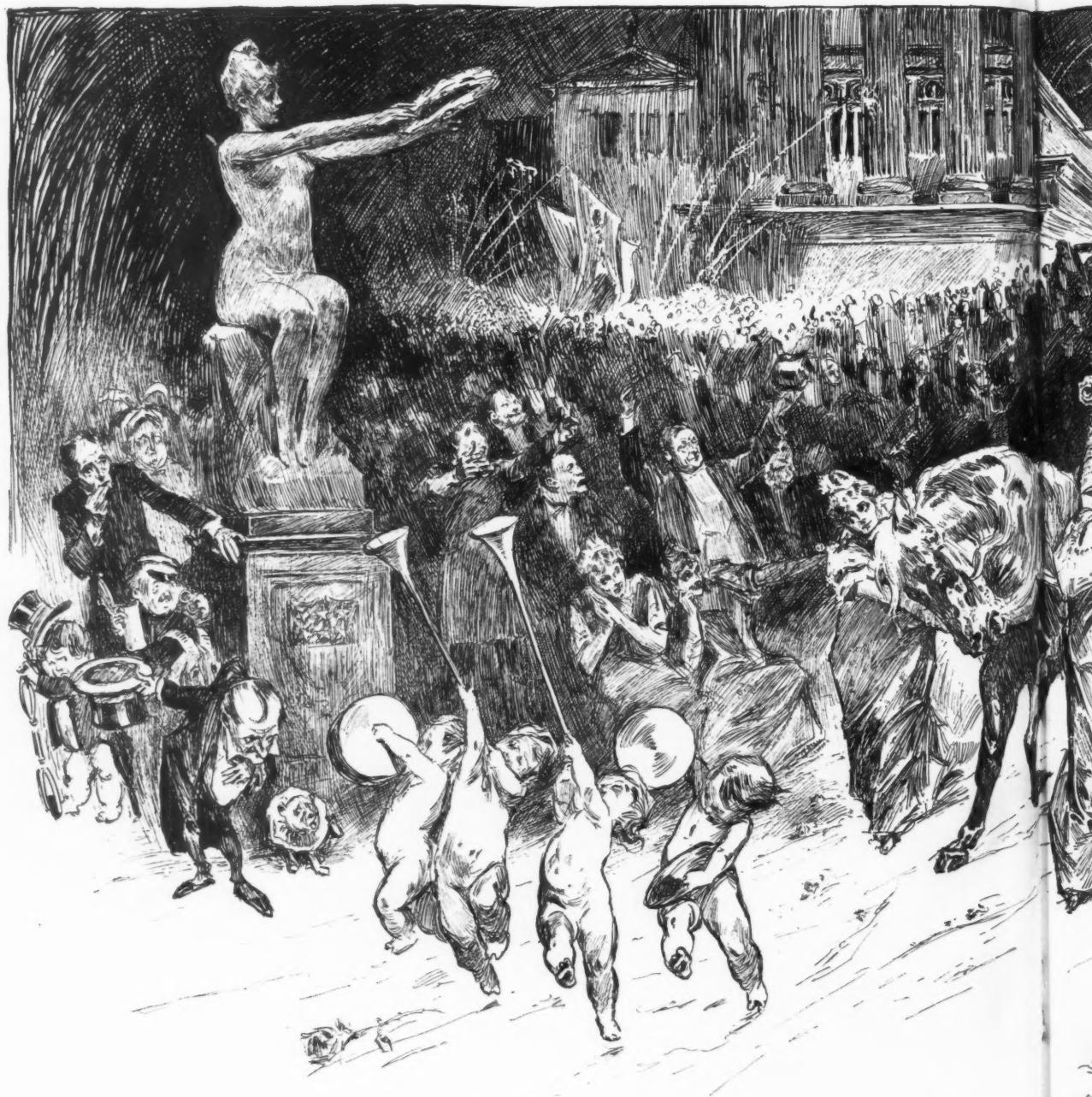
HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY.

tions, but with big, even strides.

LIFE has ever since behaved as a model boy. He has thriven and waxed apace, and there is every prospect of his living to a green old age and getting in some painful punches upon the ribs of Melancholy and Humbug.

He lays no claim to perfection, but he means to continue the good fight for Justice, Cheerfulness and Charity.

*I. A. Mitchell.*



C. D. C. 1880





LIFE BIRTHDAY.

## A LITTLE JUBILEE DINNER IN ARCADY.

SCENE: A round table in the Octagon room of a wayside inn, overlooking the Valley of Arcady. In the center of the table, a mound of flowers, on which appears the motto, "While there's Life there's Hope." On the summit perches a well-known bird which at intervals cries out (by the kindness of Mr. Edison) "Americanus Sum!" The ladies of the party wear costumes which represent many different styles of the past decade, and are evidently suspicious of each other. The men have long known each other in Arcady, are more at ease, but are evidently not quite sure that they approve of the ladies. As the dinner advances and the wine glasses

are filled and refilled with Falernian and Nectar, the constraint vanishes and everybody talks.

CHARACTERS: Life and Miss Fanny de Sicle (costume after Gibson.)

Mr. Howells and Miss Diana (of the Crossways.)

Mr. James and The Egyptian (of Thrums.)

Mr. Crawford and Miss Daisy Miller (of Schenectady, N. Y.)

Mr. Bunner and Mrs. Hauksbee (of Simla.)

Mr. Page and Princess Saracinesca (of Rome.)

Mr. Meredith and Meh Lady (of Virginia.)

Mr. Kipling and Miss Penelope Lapham (of Boston.)

Mr. Barrie and Miss Midge (of South Washington Square.)

MISS FAN (to Life, who is in love with her): You dear boy, why did you give me the place of honor at the table?

LIFE: Because you are the bud of the past decade, and you will be the perfect flower of the coming one. Every man of us here would rather please you than all the rest of the world.

MISS FAN: What a dance I lead you! Don't you find that I am hard to please?

LIFE (with intention): You are always kind to me, dear.

MISS FAN: For that pretty speech I'll try to be gracious. But honestly, boy, I don't like your guests—the women I mean. They are hardly in our set. Where did you pick them up?

LIFE: I told each man to bring one of his own family. Then I mixed the names in a hat and drew this combination.

MISS FAN: Well, I hope they like it, but I'm sure Mr. Howells looks bored.

LIFE: Why, Diana is the brightest woman at the table, but very romantic. See the "flashing arrows in her eyes" while she talks.

DIANA (to Life): I know you are talking about me—but I'll forgive you if it was kind. I've been telling Mr. Howells that I like his American girls, but not his married women—they are so censorious.

HOWELLS: They don't call it that hard name in Boston; it is simply "accumulating materials for a correct diagnosis of character."

MISS LAPHAM: We are not *all* given to back-biting in Boston. Most of us are charitable.

MISS FAN (aside to Howells): She is not quite in the swim in Boston, is she? Old Silas Lapham's daughter? (raising her eyebrows) Paint?

MEH LADY: You Northern gyurls hadn't ought to be so critical of folks. We all simply flatter our sweethearts, and lead them 'round with a gold chain.

DAISY MILLER: Well, I like that! Think of our flattering Charley Rich and his set. They are so conceited now, that they think all the girls are in love with them. We have to train all the young nobs down with sarcasm before they are endurable. We are onto their style.

PRINCESS SARACINESCA (to Page): What queer English that young woman speaks! I fear that I must have had an uncultivated teacher in Rome. It's all so strange to me.

PAGE: You must come and visit us in Ole Vah-ginia, my deah lady, to heah the real old English language. We are descended from the Cavaliers, madam.

PRINCESS: Now, I understand the peculiar spelling in "Marse Chan." It's old English, isn't it, like Chaucer and Beowulf?

PAGE (shifting the subject): Oh, I say, Meh Lady, you must invite the Princess down to the old plantation. She is writing a book about America, and it will be all Boston and New York as usual, unless we divert her.

MRS. HAUKSBEE: Invite me too, please. I want to see America. I only know what I've read about it in Mr. James's novels, and what Mr. Kipling has told me.

BUNNER (behind his hand to Page): She must have a beautiful chromo picture of us then in her mental gallery. Imagine taking your impression of America from James and Kipling!

KIPLING (laughing): Come, now, Bunner, I could not help hearing. Have not I atoned for the sins of my youth with "The Naulahka?" Isn't *Tarvin* a good American?

BUNNER: He's not a real American; only a newspaper American, made by the drummer and the "funny man."

KIPLING: And never met with outside of *Puck*!

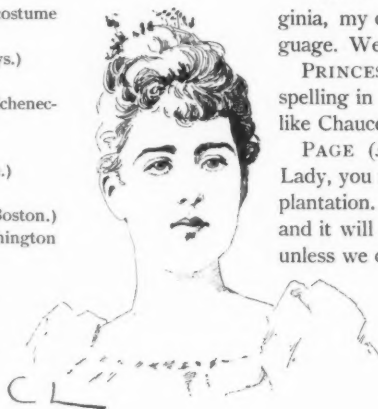
BARRIE: What I've come over here to see is a real American girl.

MISS FAN (with a glance around the table): You won't find her in contemporary novels.

DAISY MILLER (consciously): I think Mr. James has done us justice.

MISS FAN (maliciously): Oh, yes, he has done justice to some of the freaks we annually export.

JAMES (calmly): Why do you keep some of your best freaks at home then? I can't make bricks without straw.





M. A. WOOLF.

MEH LADY (*gently*): We are not all nervous and impertinent over here. Come visit us oftener, Mr. James.

THE MIDGE: Oh, who would say so cruel a thing about us? I've found everybody so kind in New York.

MISS FAN (*aside to Life*): A little Bohemian from the French quarter—that kind is always generous. They live in such a little bit of a world and have to help each other.

THE EGYPTIAN: It seems to me that all you American girls know too much. You have no illusions, no romance. In Scotland we still occasionally die for the man we love.

MISS FAN: How horrid! Over here that sort of thing only happens in Bowery hotels, among foreigners.

BARRIE: Ay. But what does the real American lass do for the man she loves with all her soul?

MISS FAN: Marries him, every time. He can't escape her, and would not if he could. That is why I don't approve of you good people who write our novels. You make us so shallow in our artifices, and often so vulgar and impertinent. Really, don't you see that the girl of the period uses *finesse* with sincerity? That is where you misinterpret us. We are not artificial; we simply combine the business tact that we inherit from our fathers, with the fidelity and religious instincts that we inherit from our mothers.





DROCH. (Mr. Robert Bridges.)

LIFE: And here's confusion to all Critics who refuse to appreciate the American Girl and the American Novelist!  
 THE BIRD (*flapping its wings*): Americanus Sum!

Robert Bridges (Droch.)



## CONGRATULATORY.

DEAR LITTLE LIFE: Do you know I am very fond of you? And I think it's very cunning that you should have a birthday all to yourself, and I hope you will have very many of them. I never look so pretty, and my clothes never fit me so well as when I see myself reflected in your pages. I don't mean to confess for one minute that you flatter me, but if you will only stop all those horrid things you say about my not being able to cook, I promise you faithfully that I will never, never again marry a foreign nobleman. Somewhere, tucked away in a corner of this envelope, you'll find a little kiss which is meant to be LIFE'S birthday present from his first love,

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

—LIFE, Esq.,

NEW YORK CITY.

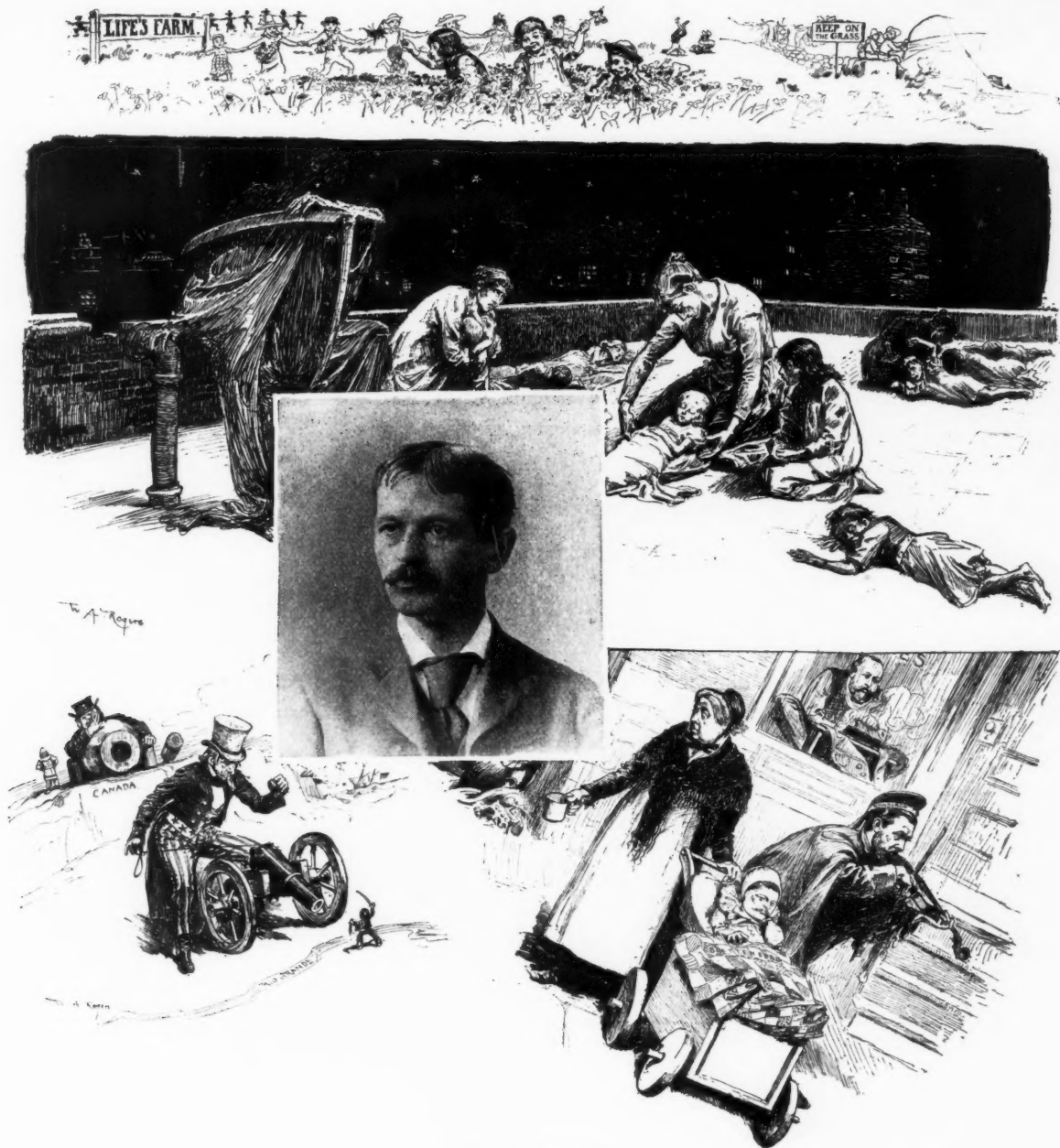
DEAR SIR: Your numerous cracks at me duly received. I'm not half such a bad fellow as my money makes me appear. In evidence of it I wish you joy on your birthday, and enclose my check for \$10,000 for LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, which please acknowledge, and oblige,

Yours very truly,  
 THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

DEAR LIFE: I'd rather have invented you than the telephone.  
 Yours, EDISON.



GETTING A SETBACK.



W. A. ROGERS.

A GOOD REASON.

"O I think Oirland should become wan uv the Unoitid Shtates," said O'Hooligan.

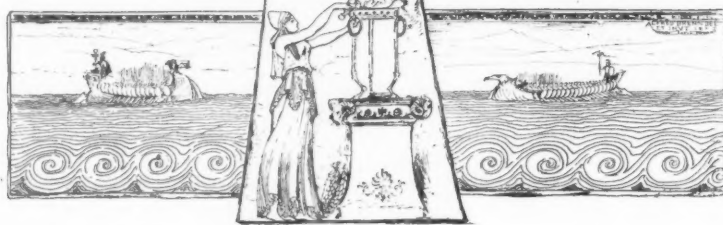
"Why," asked Mawson.

"So's we could git around thot domned law that kapes us from bein' President," said O'Hooligan.

A BURST OF CANDOR.

TOM DE WITT: Did you ever time yourself; how long does it take a girl to dress?

KITTY WINSLOW: Just fifteen minutes, when she is going out herself, and about three-quarters of an hour when she has a man waiting for her in the parlor.



ALFRED BRENNAN.

"CAN I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler.

"Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell.

"Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?"

"Yes, I am; what d'yer take me for? Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next-door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the ice-chest?"

"I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter."

"Oh, did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too. What d'yer want, sir?"



"BROUGHT UP WITH A ROUND TURN."

## THE TRAVELER'S TALE.

"TALKING about traveling in Texas," said the fat man who had pre-empted the easiest arm-chair nearest the stove, "talking about traveling in Texas"—nobody had mentioned Texas, but no one had the heart to stop him—"traveling in Texas, it isn't what it used to be. Of course an occasional train is held up, but a man has at least three chances out of five, nowadays, to pass through the state with his purse intact.

"Away back in '69, a friend of mine, Homer Balderstone, a fine, manly young fellow, drumming for a New York suspender house, was riding along, just outside of Dallas, when he was captured by a band of outlaws, who, not content with robbing him, bound him to a tree and evidently meant to take his life.

"It was a dreadful situation. Homer was only twenty-nine, engaged to be married to a Newark girl, and in a fair way to make a fortune. He felt pretty blue, as you may imagine, and when he saw that the rascals were in earnest he began to pray—at which the outlaws simply laughed.

"Then Homer began to sing. It was 'Home, Sweet Home,' and although Homer was no vocalist, he sang it with all his heart. The outlaws seemed strangely moved at first and then they gathered slowly around him.

"Then at the end of the second verse," continued the fat man, with a deep sigh, "they brained him. The leader, Jean Manuel Banana, or something like that, who was captured shortly afterward, said that even outlaws could not be expected to stand everything."

## CONGRATULATORY.

WE thank LIFE for living.  
THE MINSTRELS.





F. P. W. BELLEW.

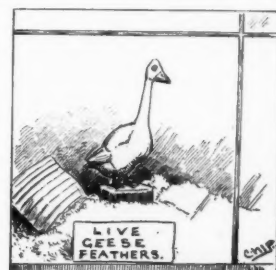
POETIC JUSTICE.

WE once knew a young female Dr.,  
Who had a bad parrot that Mr.,  
He would also blaspheme,  
Using language extreme,  
And in various other ways shr.

So she gave him away to a Col.,  
Who was noted for sayings infol.,  
These two became friends,  
Lived in peace till their ends,  
Then passed on to their roasting etol.



THE SKIPPERS' HOME.



"MARKED DOWN."

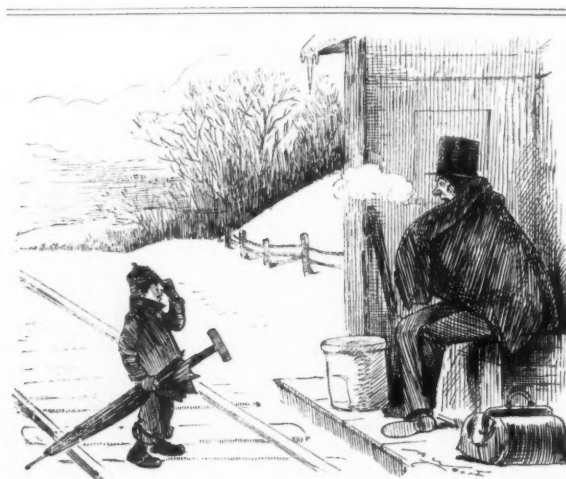


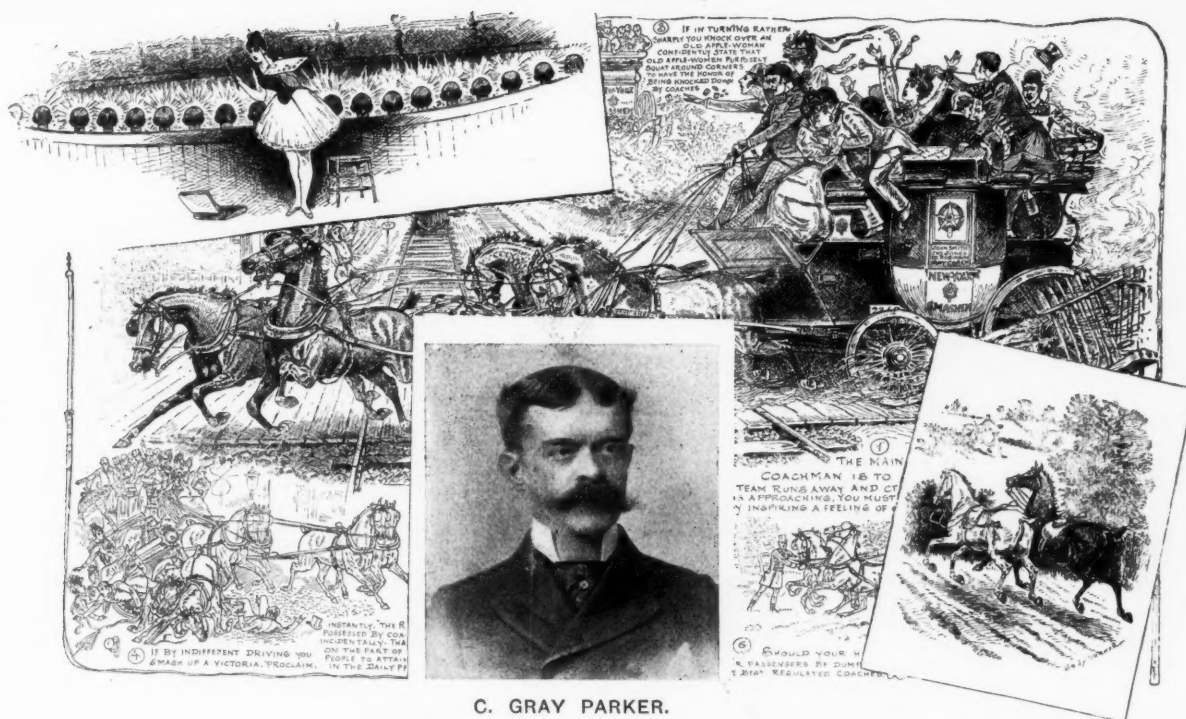
CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON.

## THE SITUATION.

Boy (to Mr. Smith, who has arrived in answer to an invitation): IS YOUR NAME SMITH? 'CAUSE IF IT IS FATHER SENT ME TO BRING YOU TO THE HOUSE 'CAUSE OUR COACHMAN IS DOWN WITH THE GRIP, AN' OUR HORSES IS SICK WITH THE PINK-EYE; FATHER WOULD HA' COME HISSSELF BUT HE'S NOT FEELIN' WELL NEITHER, 'CAUSE HE'S BEEN OBLIGED TO ACT AS NURSE TO MOTHER AN' THE GIRLS, WHO ARE JUST GETTIN' OVER AN ATTACK OF SMALL POX. I WAS BIT BY A MAD DOG A MONTH AGO, AN I DON'T FEEL WELL MYSELF; BUT PICK UP YOUR BAGGAGE AN' FOLLOW ME, FOR THERE AIN'T NO WAGONS TO BE GOT, AN' WE'VE GOT TO WALK ABOUT FIVE MILES!

N. B.—The last train for the city has just left, and the depot has closed for the day.





C. GRAY PARKER.

LIFE'S MEANING.

SOME people like to think that Father Time  
Does not grow wiser with advancing years;  
And dwell upon the fast increasing crime  
Within this misty I drous vale of tears.

They love to conjure from their morbid brains  
A list of evil sprites who ever wait  
Before our doors and ending human 8 batten on their gains  
and human f 8



But we are w[Ser, s|N grows less! We know  
That curves lie deeper now on laughter's line  
Than when LIFE first began, ten years ago,  
8 acking gloom w|T h humorous shafts be 9

And when in ninety 3 upon our way  
With hastening step and cheerful hearts we fly,  
We'll find to-morrow brighter than to-day,  
And LIFE grow better as the weeks speed by.

Tom Masson.

AN AMIABLE DEFENDER.

CLARA: I wonder if Dickey Bangs ever thinks.  
BELLA: Certainly. He thinks he thinks.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR—What time is it?



"WHO MAKES THE KITTENS, JACKIE?"  
"WHY, GOD MAKES THEM, ETHEL. HE DOESN'T MAKE  
THEM AS HE DOES BABIES, ONE BY ONE, BUT HE JUST SAYS,  
'LET THERE BE KITTENS,' AND THERE ARE KITTENS."





A. B. WENZELL.

## THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

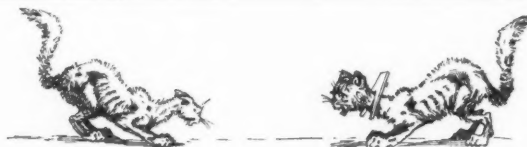
**JACK BACHELOR:** I hear you're going to move, old man.  
I thought your family liked your old house very much.

**JACK BENEDICT:** We do; but it's too far for the cook to go to church.

VERY MUCH SO.

**BOBBY (aged five):** What is an orphan?

**TOTTIE (aged five and a day):** An orphan is a child born without any father or mother.



"FOR GRACIOUS SAKES, THOMAS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MARIE; IT STRUCK ME LAST NIGHT WHILE REHEARSING WITH THE QUARTET, AND I HAVEN'T GOT IT OFF YET."



*Mr. Cowslip:* LOOK A HERE, MR. GOLDENMINE, THOSE GOL-DARNED PANTS YOU SOLD ME HAVE STRETCHED CLEAR UP UNDER ME ARMS.

*Mr. Goldenmine:* MERCIFUL HOBOKEN, MY FRIENT! DON'T YOU KNOW DOT ALL GLODING VEN UP FIFTY BER CENT. DER DAY AFDER YOU PUGHT DOSE BANTS?



*He:* THEY SAY TOM'S WIFE IS A TERRIBLE KICKER.

*She:* HOW INCONSISTENT! AND HE'LL MARRY ME IF HE CAN GET A DIVORCE!

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GORHAM M'FG CO.'S present stock affords an unusual opportunity for the selection of choice pieces in SOLID SILVER suitable for Christmas Gifts. It is the most complete and varied assortment ever shown, comprising everything in the line of Table Ware, Toilet Ware, Desk Furnishings, Silver Mounted Crystal, Silver Mounted Leather Goods, Silver Mounted Umbrellas, Canes and Whips, Flasks, Cigar Boxes, Cigarette Cases, Match Boxes, Silver Jewelry, and Ornaments of every description.

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# Contentment

*is folly when you might do better.*

What is the matter with your time? A trifle fast? A little slow? Always a few minutes wrong? Does your watch cost more to carry than it did to buy it? Repairs, regulating, cleaning; a dollar or two every time you bump it? You might save it over and over in a year; show just as much style and always be on time, too, with the new,

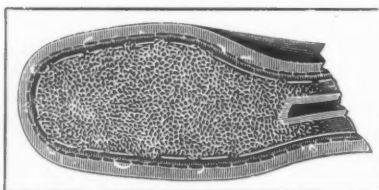
## Quick=Winding Waterbury.

It looks and acts like an expensive watch. Stem wind, stem set, Roman or Arabic dial. No cheap Swiss watch can compare with it.

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Not

Necessary



to wear heavy, uncomfortable shoes in rainy and wet weather.

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"Korrek Shape"  
SHOES

exclude all dampness, and are light and flexible. Made in all the latest and most stylish shapes.



BOOT SHOP,

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PACKARD & FIELD,

Works: Brockton, Mass.

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It is the only one!

doesn't disappoint the user.

Don't think, because your season's work has been an utter failure on account of the misrepresentation of certain specialty Camera manufacturers, that the whole Snap Shot Camera business is a fraud. Thousands of users of Hawkeyes with Roll Holders (Hand and Folding) and Kamarets will tell you that **Blair's Film** has uniformly given good results.

**Blair's Film** is made by an entirely new and original method, and in addition to its uniformity it is safe for all seasons as it **will not frill**.

Don't be deceived by any further attempts to sell you other than the **Blair's Film**. Let the failures of others cause you always to *insist* that your Roll Holder, Kamaret or Kodak be reloaded with **Blair's Film**. If any dealer says this can't be done, tell him *you can attend to it*, and write us or send your instrument (whatever it is) to any of our offices and we will at once reload and return.

As makers of Cameras for Amateurs and the Trade since 1880, and the largest Camera manufacturers in the world, we not only know what is wanted, but test every specialty before placing it on the market. Catalogue of our specialties, including new style of Folding Haweye (combining every qualification of the professional Camera with compactness), sent for stamp.

No "FRILLS" on this.

A gentleman traveling through the Orient writes us: "I have recently had developed by Nadar (the leading photographer of Paris) some 300 of my negatives and got an average of 95 good negatives of each hundred.—He was wonderfully impressed with their quality. He says they are way ahead of —." This was followed by the following:

PARIS, 3 November, 1892.

We have been honored by —s visit, who gave us some films of your manufacture; the result was so satisfactory that we enclose order for goods which may be entertaining for you. We remain, yours faithfully,

53 RUE DES MATHURINS,  
51 RUE D'AUXON.

P. M. NADAR.

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IT WAS.

"JIMMY, WHAT MAKES A BALLOON GO UP AN' STAY UP?"  
 "IT'S CAUSED BY VARIOUS CAUSES; BUT THE CHIEF CAUSE IS CAUSED BY  
 SOME CAUSE OR OTHER, AN' THAT'S REALLY THE TRUE CAUSE WHY!"

*Purchaser:* YOU ARE SURE THE CHEESE IS OLD?  
*Grocer (cutting off a slice):* YES, SIR. JIMMY, COME HOLD THIS BIT OF  
 CHEESE DOWN 'TILL I GET A PIECE OF PAPER TO WRAP IT UP IN!

# Why Have You Not Made This Known to Me Before?

is the question that many a man asks when he first learns that in

## The Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co., OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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**JOHN A. HALL, Sec.**

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LIABILITIES, JANUARY 1ST, 1892.....	11,236,837.26
SURPLUS (MASSACHUSETTS STANDARD).....	1,002,691.91

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IN BOSTON.

Mamma: Is it going to rain this afternoon?

Bobby: Why, it's raining straight down now.

Papa (sarcastically): Indeed? You never heard of it raining up, did you?

Bobby: Oh, yes! It rains up at Portland frequently.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Gentleman: What did you hit him for?

Boy: He was going to call me a liar.

Other Boy: I wasn't goin' to do nuffin o' the kind.

Boy (decidedly): Yes you would if you had heard the story I was going to tell you.

## "Chaps"

The dear little "chap" that mother likes;  
The great big "chap" that sister likes;  
The irritating chap that nobody likes,

All agree with  
the medical "chaps"  
who say:



### Packer's Tar Soap

"Is not only a  
good toilet soap,  
but an excellent  
remedy for  
chapped skin."

—Lancet-Clinic.

### Packer's Tar Soap

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leaves the skin soft, smooth and  
supple."—Med. and Surg. Rep.

"It also keeps away many of the skin  
diseases to which little children are  
liable."—New Eng. Med. Mo.

Sold by all Druggists.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE THE BEST.

And are preferred by the conscientious  
Musical Instructors and Musicians.

The "North American Review" says of the cele-  
brated SOHMER PIANOS: —

They combine every quality which one can expect in a good instrument; nobility, elasticity and utmost clearness of tone, and an extent of power which never fails, added to which a perfect evenness of touch renders them as near perfection as has been thus far attained. Their touch unites with absolute precision a delicacy and pliability, and a most happy responsive quality not found in the instruments of any other maker.

While the present firm of Sohmer & Co. was founded in 1872, its existence really extends further back than 1860. Its author and head, Mr. Hugo Sohmer, coming of a good family in comfortable circumstances, was given a finished scientific and literary education, at the same time acquiring a thorough knowledge of music and the pianoforte. At sixteen years of age he arrived in New York and was apprenticed to piano-making in the factory of Schuetze and Ludolph. Thoroughly learning his trade, he returned to Europe in 1868, and traveled in the various capitals, studying piano-making from every possible standpoint. In 1870 he returned to New York, and in 1872 commenced embodying in practical form the ideas which his training and travel had brought. His partner was Mr. Joseph Kuder, who still continues in the firm—who studied the art and trade thoroughly in the Vienna shops, and added experience gained in the shops of prominent makers. At present the firm consists, in addition to Messrs. Sohmer and Kuder, of Charles Fahr and George Reichmann, each member being in charge of a special department. The concern now has, in addition to its extensive warehouse on Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, a new factory at Astoria, which is the most magnificent and complete in the country. Even with the present average production of the firm, which is forty pianos a week, it is yet insufficient to supply the demand, the firm being to-day largely in arrears of its orders. They may be had not only at the principal warerooms, 149 to 155 East Fourteenth Street, New York; but at Montreal, Canada; 236 State Street, Chicago; Union Club Building, San Francisco; 1522 Oliver Street, St. Louis, Mo.; 1123 Main Street, Kansas City; as also of local dealers throughout the country. The laurels of the firm of Sohmer & Co. have been justly earned and cheerfully bestowed.

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its claim to public attention."—HJALMAR H. BOYSEN.

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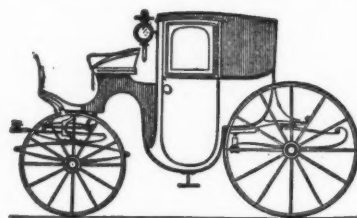
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"I WONDER IF THAT MASTER OF MINE THINKS I AM ANOTHER NANCY HANKS."

WILLIE: So Alice has broken her engagement with Tom. What do you suppose the trouble was?

MILLIE: I know what the trouble was. Tom is an amateur photographer, you know. He took a picture of Alice one day, and when he showed her a blue print from the negative, she told him right away that she never in the world could marry a man who ever thought she looked like that.—*Somerville Journal*.

SOME of the nice people of Boston are in a terrible state of mind. It is now whispered that Adam and Eve's marriage certificate cannot be found.

tell the truth, I feel like Lazarus after he had been licked by the dogs."

WITHERBY: Your wife tells me she is learning to speak Irish.

BILTER: Yes; she wants to be able to talk to her new French maid.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

MRS. TROLLEY: Do tell me, Mr. Kanvass, which is the greatest work of art?

MR. KANVASS: Selling the paintings, madam.—*N. Y. Sun*.

THE proprietor of a circus announced that on a certain night a trained elephant would play on a pianoforte. The evening came, the circus filled with an expectant public. After a while four men bore a cottage piano to the arena. When the animal was brought in, he walked slowly three times around the ring, and then, amid the keenest excitement, advanced to the piano. With a slight movement of his trunk he opened the keyboard, but hardly had he done so when a sudden change came over his appearance. His eyes dilated with rage and fear, he lifted his trunk in the air, and with a scream of terror rushed out of the arena. The proprietor of the circus and the elephant's keeper held a short and hurried consultation, and they too left the ring. After a few moments the proprietor entered and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognized in the keyboard of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long-lost mother, who had fallen a prey to ivory hunters.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE day following election found the Saunterer traveling toward Boston in a Cambridge car. An atmosphere of mingled joy and sorrow prevailed from the front platform to the rear. All his friends greeted him with either an optimistic smile or a pessimistic frown. At last one more intimate than the others entered the car and found a seat by the Saunterer's side.

"Ah, old man," asked the latter, "how are you feeling to-day?"

"Don't!" he ejaculated. "For to



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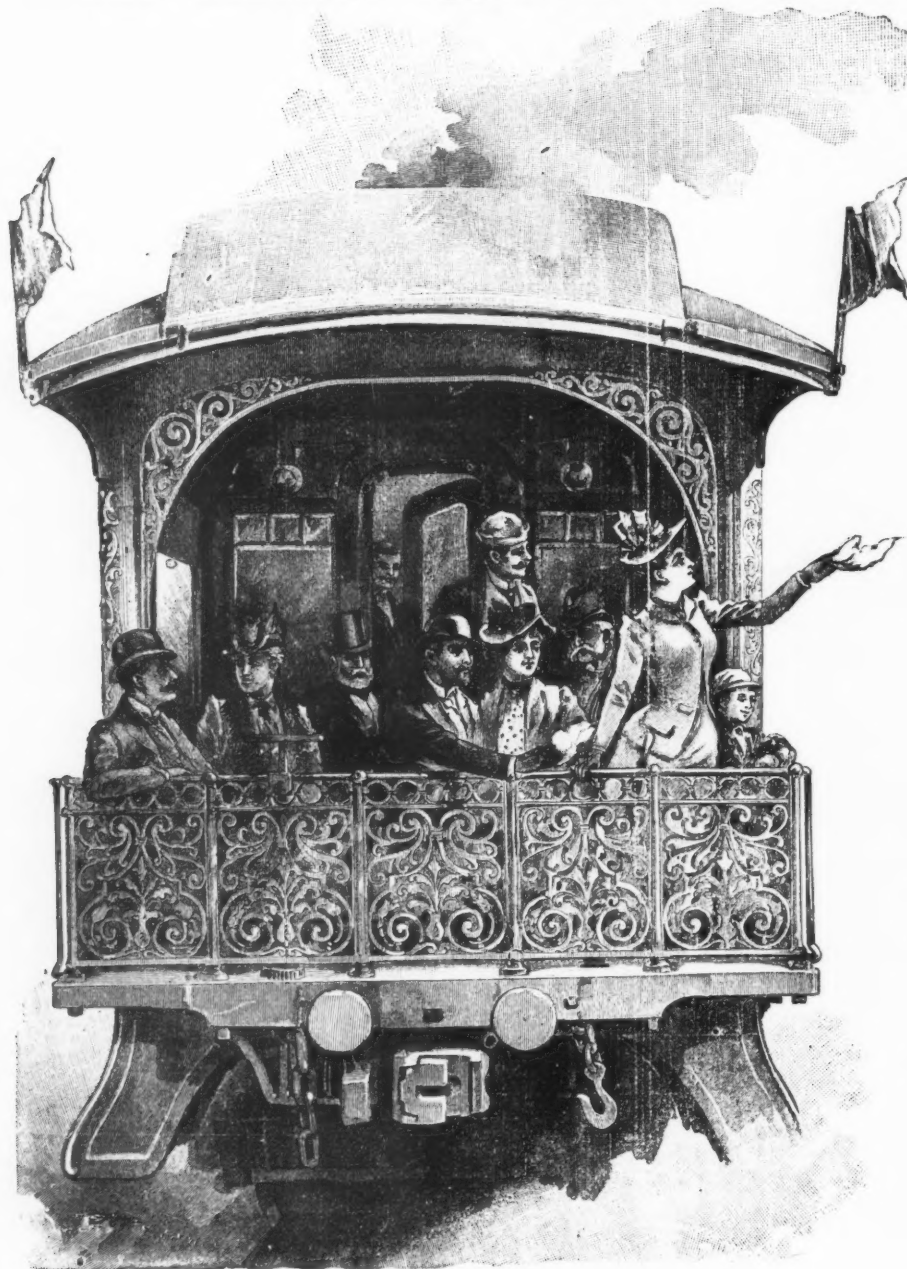


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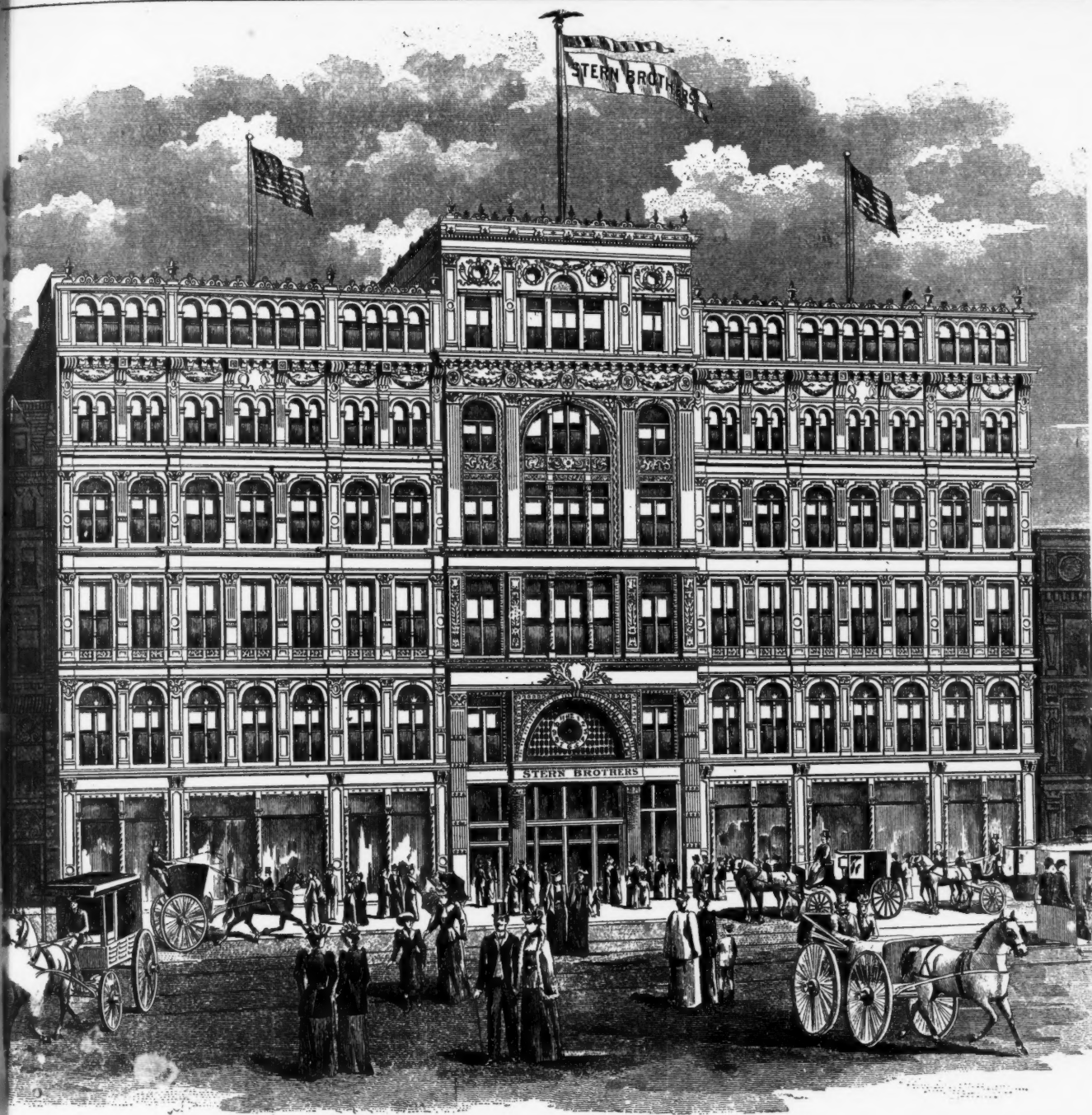
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### STERN BROTHERS' NEW BUILDING.

AMONG the many princely structures erected in the city this year none surpasses the building of Messrs. Stern Brothers (an illustration of which appears above) in beauty of design and adaptability for the purposes for which it was constructed. Some fifteen years ago, Messrs. Stern Brothers, foreseeing the great advantages of Twenty-third street as a business thoroughfare, removed there from Sixth avenue, their building being the first devoted to trade on this street; and since then their constantly-increasing business has compelled them, from time to time, to make extensive additions and improvements to their edifice, so that now they have the largest and finest establishment in the country devoted exclusively to the retail dry goods trade.

The exterior needs no comment; its admirable proportions and beautiful lines speak for themselves; and I will only call attention to the magnificent vestibule, framed in mahogany and with a flooring of mosaic tiling. In the ceiling of this vestibule are placed electric lights which brilliantly illuminate it at night.

A large and beautiful dome in the centre of the building furnishes abundant light to every floor, thus solving a problem which has long perplexed dry goods people, and which, by obviating the necessity of going near the door to match colors, will prove a great convenience to customers. Eight commodious passenger elevators afford ready access to the different floors.

Another improvement which Messrs. Stern Brothers introduced some time ago, and which they have perfected in their new building, is the pneumatic cash service system, for which they have had constructed the largest plant of this kind ever made, enabling them to have money sent to the cashiers and the change returned to customers with lightning rapidity, a boon which ladies will appreciate. Nor has the comfort of the employees been forgotten; cheerful and well-appointed lunch and toilet rooms being provided for them.

One will be well repaid in a visit to this dry goods palace, both in studying the architectural arrangement and in looking over the marvelous assemblage of rich goods the house is noted for keeping.

*The Sight-Seeer.*



*Mabel:* WHAT DID JACK GIVE YOU FOR THAT PHILOPENA YOU WON, CERTIE?

*Gertie:* DEAR THING! HE GAVE ME THE LOVELIEST PRESENT, HALF A DOZEN PAIRS OF LA FONTAINE GLOVES. YOU KNOW THEY ARE THE BEST MADE, TOO.



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Assortment of  
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Ornamental  
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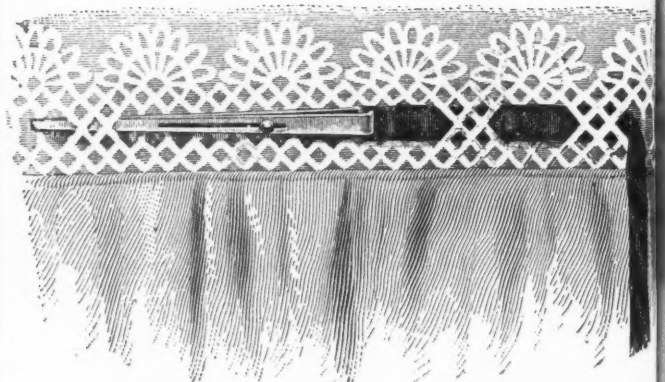
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SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND TEMPER.

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The **EMMA WILLARD RIBBON LEADER**



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• LIFE •

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For Lounging, For the Sick Room,  
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For the Railway Carriage,

For Men, Women, Children and the Baby, \$2.75 to \$35,  
with hood and girdle complete.

Samples and full instructions sent on application, at

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THE Fontaine gloves referred to in the conversation between the two young ladies, as given on the preceding page, are those made by Pings & Pinner, and if your dealer does not keep these gloves, inform us of the fact and we will send you the address of our nearest agent, and enclose you with the same a check entitling you to a discount of 10 per cent. on the first pair that you purchase.

The gloves must always have this mark on the inside.



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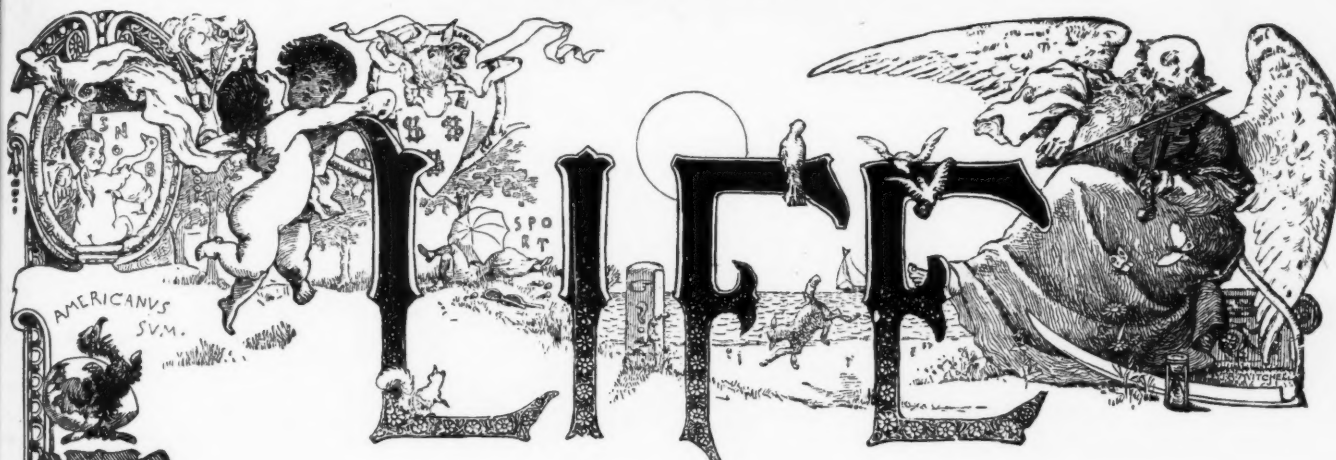
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"I CAN. I'LL BE A MOTHER TO YOU, AS I AM GOING TO MARRY YOUR FATHER."

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,  
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### FUR LINED OPERA CLOAKS.

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Artistically mounted, with  
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### POLAR BEAR RUGS.

A superb collection, well  
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Three pairs of gloves at 75 cents a pair—in one month, \$2.25. One pair of  
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time for wearing a dollar-and-a-half P. & P. glove. No glove is genuine that hasn't this  
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glove made that will outwear three pairs of  
cheaper gloves—is why we advertise.

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of the fact, and we will send you the address of our  
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For Lounging, For the Sick Room,  
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at very

Attractive Price

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VOLUME XXI.

# ·LIFE·

NUMBER 523.



"I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE SHOULD, BUT HE WANTS TO MARRY ME."

"HE TOLD ME HE ADMIRERD YOU FOR THE WAY YOU EXTRACTED A PROPOSAL FROM HIM."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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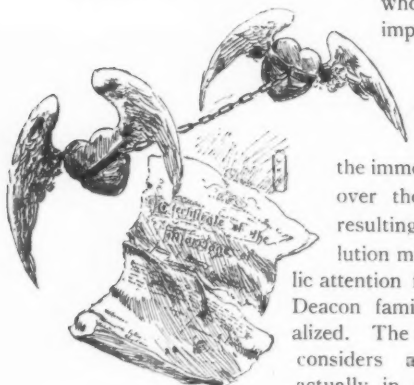
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SOME fault is found with Governor Flower for his refusal to accept the State Bar Association's estimate of Judge Maynard.

From the Bar Association's point of view, the Governor has done very wrong in persisting in the reappointment of Maynard to the Court of Appeals, but from Mr. Flower's point of view the Governor has done just right. He and Judge Maynard and Senator Hill are tarred with precisely the same stick, and to have accepted the Bar Association's suggestion that Maynard was not fit to be a judge, would have been to invite a suggestion from the Reform Club, or some other congregation of gentlemen who know that Flower was not fit to be a governor, nor Hill to be in the senate. If the Bar Association will revert to the Holy Scriptures and peruse the parable of the Unjust Steward, it may find it easier to believe that Mr. Flower makes up in discernment for what he may lack in scrupulosity. It is very desirable in this world to be solid with somebody. With

whom you are solid is an important detail, but it is only a detail, after all.



HOPES which were entertained that the immense sensation in France over the Panama inquiry with resulting possibilities of a revolution might avail to wean public attention from the affairs of the Deacon family, have not been realized. The thrifty public doubtless considers a domestic revolution actually in the hand—though now

somewhat shop-worn—decidedly worth clinging to, especially as the prospective political revolution may not materialize.



THE friends of the French nation would take a more sanguine view of its capacity for self government if it could manage to eliminate from its practice the institution known as the political duel. In the progressive solution of the problem of democratic government it is often necessary for one citizen to rise in his seat in the legislature or elsewhere and call another gentleman a lot of bad names, and accuse him of gloomy misdemeanors. The reason it is necessary is that gentlemen who interest themselves in running republics are exposed to unusual temptations to steal and lie, and when they yield it is necessary to show them up and remove them from temptation. But if, when one citizen undertakes the important public duty of showing another citizen up, the one threatened is allowed to shoot at his accuser with a pistol at a distance of twenty paces, the patriotic duty of showing up becomes unpopular, and much that ought to be made manifest tends to remain hidden.

To be sure contemporaneous French duelling is not a very solemn solemnity. In olden times, when it took itself more seriously it was of use now and then in killing off some consumer who made no return for what he consumed. As a device for the occasional employment of idle people there is a little something to be said for it still; but as an adjunct to government it is immeasurably worse than useless. It was practically abolished in the United States three generations ago, and no nation that pretends to be contemporaneous can afford to keep it up.



SINCERE sympathy is everywhere expressed for the Freshman class at Yale which has been punished for the late rowdy behaviour of some of its members by an edict forbidding the class to hatch out any ball-nine next spring. Anyone who has had any experience with a hen who wants to set will understand how the class will feel next spring, when it sees all the other little ball players breaking out through their shells, and reflects that its own proper setting of eggs must addle. It is suggested to the young gentlemen by way of solace that dominoes is a nice game though less athletic than base-ball, and that marbles are still in favor among the young. Throwing

stones at ladies and old gentlemen might perhaps be more to the taste of these blossoming citizens.



# DECEMBER



THE DEVIL GRINS.



MET ITS MASTER.

WE are not making history very fast these days, and the world is to be congratulated that the last month of 1892 adds no especially striking events to the year's record.

TO be sure the republican institutions of France have been getting a little shaking-up, but probably no more than was good for them. It's better for France that her present government should have its rotten spots discovered in times of peace and when there is no rabid pretender running loose and looking for a chance to grab a throne.

AND during the season of peace on earth and good will towards men Messrs. Parkhurst and Byrnes seem to have laid aside their cudgels and gone to work at their usual business. All the same, they are probably both stacking up ammunition for future encounters.

HOW the conduct of Mm. Clemenceau and Deroulède shines by contrast with the recent display of Col. Robert Neville! They have helped the newspaper business a great deal more, but instead of winding up in a vulgar police court they have had all the glory and fun of poking holes in the circumambient atmosphere with projectiles from a real pair of duelling pistols.



POOR FRANCE!



CHRISTMAS IN AFRICA.



HONOR!



## BOOKISHNESS

### AN OPEN NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE.

DEAR DROCH: For ten years you have been talking at people about books, and nobody ever has a chance to talk back. I don't think it is quite fair, and that is why I am writing this letter. It will free my mind, though I don't believe you will be square enough to print it.

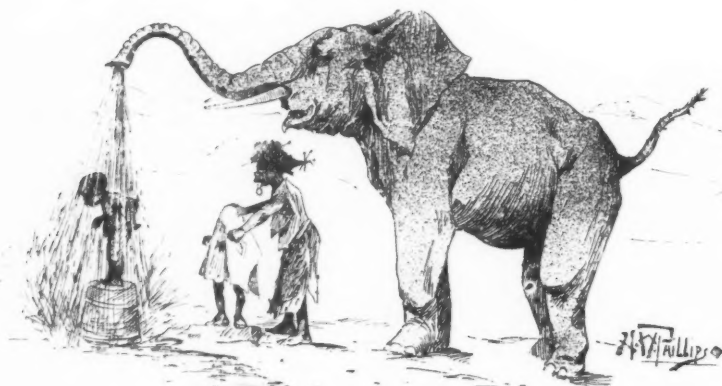
You must be a rather old man by this time, for you have so little comprehension of the tastes of youth. You seem to think that we take our reading seriously; that we want to think about a book after we have closed its covers; that we are wildly anxious to get at its merits of construction, style, and even morality. Bless your gray hairs, how did you get the idea that the modern youth takes anything seriously, least of all his reading? We have too many amusing things to occupy our time to dwell on any one of them long enough for what our fathers used to call "reflection." Don't you honestly believe that what they thought was "reflection" was simply the ordinary kind of "mooning" which afflicts lazy people? What good ever came of it? So far as I can discover it led to absurdly sensitive consciences which made them all miserable. Then began the habit of "exacting" all kinds of duties from themselves, and their neighbors. The wisest of them began on their neighbors and spent the little time left on themselves. When they ran out of live material for dissection, they fell back on "discussing books"—and I fancy it was in your manner.

I am glad I did not live in those days. Aren't you just a little sorry for yourself sometimes?

\* \* \*

But I want to tell you frankly what a book and reading really means to the modern youth.

We are told on the highest scientific authority that we are "very highly developed organisms." We are complicated and delicately adjusted machines. (I did not read this, but picked it up from a Vassar girl at a country "tea party.") These machines, under modern conditions, are run on a fuel which we call "excitement." You know what a rattle and jarring takes place in a big threshing machine when they stop feeding it sheaves of grain? (Picked that up in the country also.) The wise farmer always runs a little straw through while the machine is slowing down to save the wear and tear.



THE MORNING BATH IN AFRICA.



DRIFT.

Well, we read books on the same principle exactly. They are the straw that slows down the machine easily, when active pleasure and excitement are not at hand. Chaff is just as good as wheat-in-the-sheaf for that purpose.

There is another way of looking at it. You know that modern science has robbed us of our illusions—from babyhood up to maturity. If you never brought yourself up without illusions you can't imagine how dreary it sometimes is. I did not mean to tell you about this—but sometimes the cold, gray light in which we see everything is simply heartbreaking. Perhaps it is only the nervous reaction when the machine is slowing down. It is not so many years ago that I went to sleep crying because all my dolls were so painfully like real people. It was about that time that I first found out that a book was a very good substitute for lost illusions, and I have been taking the medicine ever since. And you critics try your best to rob us of that last refuge for our illusions, by picking it to pieces. Don't, please don't!

Yours Reproachfully,  
Fanny de Siècle.

WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.—The heaviest dues fall on the first of the month. It's a slippery day for the boy who is spanked.



THE Pope is too old a man to do much globe-trotting, but he has sent a very able-bodied hired man indeed to settle some rows in the American fold. If Archbishop Satolli can take back to the Vatican a vivid picture of the foolishness of the Catholic Church in its attitude towards our educational system he will have done a good service to everybody concerned. The more intelligent of American Catholics already recognize that something has got to be done to put their system of education on an equality with ours. They know it's a pretty slipshod kind of schooling that the church deals out to its

children, and it is much to be desired that the high authorities of Rome should know that in America middle-age methods no longer go.

MISS WALTON: Is marriage a failure in your town, Mr. Outwest?

MR. OUTWEST: I'm sorry to say it is.

MISS WALTON: Why?

MR. OUTWEST: Lack of women.



A PAIR OF OVERHAULS.



*Paterfamilias (who has just been asked for his daughter):*

BUT CAN YOU SUPPORT HER?

*Mr. Frankleigh Haphazard:* YES, I THINK WE COULD.

#### NO FRIENDS.

DASHAWAY: I have just been up in the mountains for a little shooting.

CLEVERTON: Any luck?

DASHAWAY: One guide.

DASHAWAY: Stuffer must be dead.

CLEVERTON: Why?

DASHAWAY: I invited him to dine with me at seven, and it's five minutes past.

A CAPITAL IDEA—Money.



THE SALONS OF NEW

AT MRS. HOWARD TOPP





NS OF NEW YORK.

HOWARD TOPPING'S.



A NEW YORK STREET OF THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

IF WE CONTINUE TO INCREASE THE HEIGHT OF OUR BUILDINGS,

IT is hard to tell who gets the worst of it, the man who believes everything he hears or the man who doesn't believe anything he hears.

WILLIAMSON: Is that a good coon dog?

HENDERSON: First rate. He won't let a darkey come on the place.



ELEGANCE AND FORCE.

Tom: SHE'S A DAISY, AIN'T SHE, BILL?

Bill: DAISY? WHY, A DAISY AIN'T NO SUKUMSTANCE TO HER. SHE'S A WHOLE BOOKAY!

THE WAY IT MIGHT BE.

SCENE: *Sitting-room of an uptown house, evidently belonging to comfortably well-to-do people. A fire burns in the open grate, but it needs trimming and more coal. Two or three books lie open, face downwards on the table, and every burner on a large chandelier is at full blaze. Seated in an uneasy chair, gazing moodily at his boots, is a Man. Appearances seem to denote that the Man is Married. A clock on the mantel strikes seven tinkling strokes with all the accuracy of the French time-piece.*

THE MAN (*stirring slightly*): Hump! Twenty-five minutes past three. No woman can make me believe that it is necessary for her to be out at such an hour as this. By Jove, I won't believe it! (*Rises, goes to the window and looks out*). Raining. Case of cab; and the usual argument with the driver on the sidewalk, I

suppose. Ah, well! (*Sighs, and returns to chair. Picks up a half-smoked cigar and relights it. Pulls hard at it for two or three puffs, then throws it in the fire.*) Confound a cigar when it's once out! I'll light up a fresh one, although I'm nervous now through smoking too much. (*Goes to ornamental cigar-box and raises lid*). Empty, by Jupiter! Now, I'd like to know what becomes of my cigars. I don't smoke them, and there's no man in the house. What was that? (*Listens*). Nothing. Great Scott! When is this sort of thing going to end? I think I'll finish it all up and go back to the governor. I'm always saying so, but I don't do it. (*A deep, bass voice is heard singing "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay," some distance down the street, with considerable rallentando*). I wonder if that's —. Pshaw! It can't be.

A cab drives up to the door with much hoof-clatter. A short dis-

cussion follows its stopping, which is ended by a voice saying: "All right, old man. Here, take this and get yourself a drink. I guess that'll square it." The front door bangs. The cab drives away.

Enter sitting-room, a Woman. There is a joyous flush on her face, an electric sparkle in her eyes. She walks steadily but with suspicious precision.

THE WOMAN: What, still up, dearie? I thought you would be in bed long ago.

THE MAN: Why should I go to bed? I cannot sleep.

THE WOMAN: Nonsense, darling. Pure imagination brought on by nervousness and—and whatever else it is.

THE MAN: Where have you been?

THE WOMAN (*taking off her wraps*): Well, dear, I'll tell you how it was. I met Mrs. Golightly this afternoon—hadn't seen her since goodness knows when, you know—and we went into Tryhards' and got a—cup of chocolate. Well, you know yourself how hungry half a dozen—cups of chocolate will make anyone, so she insisted on my going to dine with her.

THE MAN (*icily*): Couldn't you have let me know, instead of allowing me to imagine all sorts of things?

THE WOMAN (*coaxingly*): Foolish boy! What could you imagine? I did try to telephone you but the wires were all out of order.

THE MAN: What was the matter with a messenger boy?

THE WOMAN: A messenger boy! Well, darling, you see—(*then in tones of intense surprise*)—but, do you mean to tell me that no messenger boy has been here?

THE MAN: None whatever.

THE WOMAN: Why, what an extraordinary thing! But then, you know messenger boys never do deliver messages. Look in any comic paper in the country and you'll find it's so.

THE MAN: Did you send a messenger?

THE WOMAN: What's that, dear?

THE MAN: Did you send a messenger?

THE WOMAN (*with sudden gravity*): Do you or do you not wish me to tell you all about it?

AFTER THE OPENING OF THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.



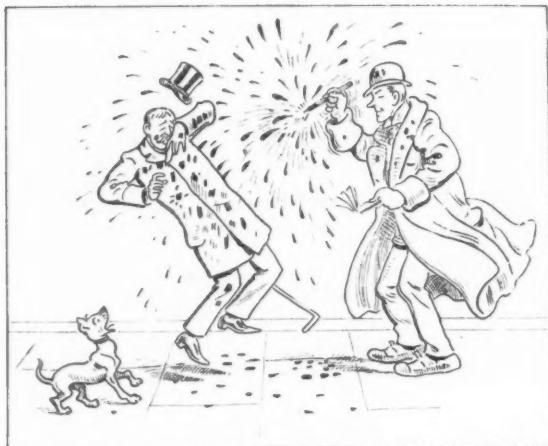
"RAH!! THERE'S ANOTHER FELLOW'S SOLD A PICTURE."





"TAKE MY PENCIL."

"NO, THANKS, I'VE JUST BOUGHT A FOUNTAIN PEN. IF IT DOESN'T FLOW ALL RIGHT, YOU GIVE A—"



SHAKE!



I'M AFRAID THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT."

THE MAN: Yes, if you will.

THE WOMAN: That's just what I was going to do if you hadn't persisted in interrupting me. Well, I met Mrs. Gaybody, whom I hadn't seen for—

THE MAN (*interposing*): You said just now it was Mrs. Golightly you met.

THE WOMAN: Nonsense, my dear. It was Mrs. Gaybody. I know what I am talking about. I hadn't seen her since—

THE MAN: You certainly told me that it was Mrs. Golightly you met and that it was she you had not seen for—

THE WOMAN: Do you suppose I don't know whom I've seen to-night?

THE MAN: I suppose you do. I know I don't.

THE WOMAN: That's all right, it was Mrs. Gaybody. Besides (*with a sudden thought*) what's the matter with my meeting them both?

THE MAN (*waiving the question*): Well, go on. After you met Mrs. Gaybody or Golightly, or whichever it was.

THE WOMAN: Yes. Well, as I was saying, we went to dine together, and then, of course, I had to return the courtesy in some way, so we went round to the club. There was an important committee meeting there which I was obliged to attend and—and here I am.

THE MAN (*doubtingly*): Humph! (*Then, very sarcastically*) There were no men, I suppose, either at this meeting or the dinner preceding it?

THE WOMAN (*surprised*): Men? Why, how ridiculous! What do we want with men? Don't you suppose, darling, (*approaching and trying to kiss him*) that you are all I require in the world? Now, you mustn't be a goose; I've told you all about it. I know I'm a little bit late, but you must forgive me like the dear, darling hubby that you are.

THE MAN: And do you suppose that such an explanation is sufficient for the hours of torture and anxiety I have suffered?

THE WOMAN: Come now, dearest, don't be cross. You know I love you, even if I have been celebrating a little.

THE MAN: Celebrating! And what right have you to celebrate? What were you celebrating?

THE WOMAN (*abstractedly*): What were we celebrating?



ONLY A PUN.

She: AND WOULD YOU STILL WISH TO MARRY ME IF I HAD AN ARTIFICIAL OPTIC?

He: YES, DARLING. WITH ALL THY FALSE EYE'D LOVE THEE STILL.



*Brownleigh (visiting friends in the country): I DON'T OFTEN GET SUCH A GOOD SUPPER.  
Johnnie: NEITHER DO WE.*

THE MAN: Yes. What were you celebrating?

THE WOMAN (*brightening up, after a moment's silence*): Why, of course. I thought I told you. You know, I hadn't seen Mrs. Golightly since —

THE MAN: There you go again. I thought you decided it was Mrs. Gaybody.

THE WOMAN (*sternly*): My dear, if I did not know that you have been in the house all the evening, I should think you had been drinking.

THE MAN: I want to know what you were celebrating.

THE WOMAN: I have been trying to tell you that ever since I got home, but you won't let me get a word in edgewise. I met Mrs. Gaybody —

THE MAN: Great Scott! That's the —

THE WOMAN: Will you allow me to speak? I met Mrs. — er — Gaybody, whom I had not seen since our marriage. She, naturally, congratulated me, and then insisted upon celebrating it over a little quiet dinner.

THE MAN (*considerably mollified*): And was it our marriage, dear, you were celebrating with your friend?

THE WOMAN: Of course it was. If you object to my rejoicing over such an event in our lives, why —

THE MAN (*putting his arms around her*): No, dearest, not at all, only —

THE WOMAN: Only you are sorry that I should feel happy about it.

THE MAN: Not at all, my darling, but —

THE WOMAN: But what?

THE MAN: We won't say any more about it.

(*Kisses and Curtain.*)

E. H. Graham Dewey.

#### KEEP IT IN THE STATE.

IT is suggested that a speedway for drivers of fast horses should begin at 161st St. and run North.

But as the proposed speedway is for the use of New Yorkers, and not for Albanians or Trojans, why not have it within a day's journey of the city proper. Anything that begins at 161st St. would be useful for the residents of towns along the upper Hudson, but it would be a cruel joke on the New Yorker. If he must take a railway ride before he can begin his drive a few miles more or less would not matter, and the new speedway might begin at Poughkeepsie, where land is cheaper.

## · LIFE ·



### TWO WAYS.

A STITCH in time saves nine, we know ;  
Yet, by another sign,  
This rule works quite another way—  
A kiss in time makes nine.

—New York Herald.

EX-GOVERNOR TAYLOR, of Tennessee, has a new joke. It runs like this: Pat was about to die. The priest had been called and had administered the last services. Then he said:

"Pat, is there anything else you desire?"

"Yes," said Pat, "I want to be buried in a third-party grave-yard."

"Why, Pat," said the priest, "why is that?"

"Well, your reverence," says Pat, "a third-party grave-yard is the last place the devil would look for a Democrat."—*Argonaut.*

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TRAVELER: Yes, thanks, pretty fair.  
LANDLORD: Saw nothing of the ghost that is said to appear from time to time in the room you occupied?  
TRAVELER: Ah, yes, I did though.  
LANDLORD: And how did you get rid of the intruder?  
TRAVELER: I offered him a glass of your wine, when he vanished with a gesture of supreme disgust.  
LANDLORD: Oh! Ah! Well, I never!—*Familien-Wochenblatt.*

BINKS: Did you hear about Watson's whiskers?  
JINKS: No; what was it?  
BINKS: Why they looked so homely that all the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy, to shave them off.  
JINKS: Well, did he do it?  
BINKS: Yes, he did it.  
JINKS: Well, what then?  
BINKS: Why, the very next day the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy, to let them grow again.—*Somerville Journal.*

"THERE is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial."  
"Don't worry about that," replied Brown. "The thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."—*Exchange.*



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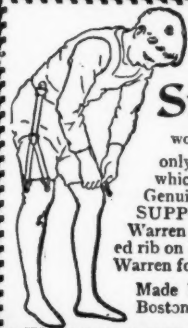


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